

THE CHRONICLE

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A True Line Needs No Lash

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Thoroughbreds

By Salvator

Breeding Industry Faced
With Grave Problem By
Closing Of Tracks

Coming as it has with little or no public warning—there had been few premonitory rumblings and those creating little commotion—the governmental order to close all American race tracks on January 3, for the duration, will have consequences so far-reaching that, upon the morrow of its issuance, any intelligent diagnosis is practically impossible. All that can be attempted is cursory comment.

The first thing that suggests itself to the informed mind, however, is the query:—

"Why must racing be stopped in America when it has been going on continuously in England ever since the present war began there? When it has also been going on in Russia, if reports from there may be trusted? When it was resumed in Italy, at Rome, almost as soon as the Nazis were expelled from there? When it was resumed at Paris under similar circumstances not only—the Nazis had promoted it there throughout their entire span of occupation, or for over three years?

"And again, when it was maintained by the Nazis themselves at home in Germany until a few months ago, when the persistent bombing of the great German cities, and imminent peril of invasion, created such a situation that it finally was stopped. But previously it had been going on ever since the outbreak of the war."

As America is herself uninvaded and in no peril of being attacked at home, as she is furnishing every one of the aforesaid European countries with the means of subsistence, to a great degree, as well as with millions of fighting men and fabulous amounts of the munitions and materiel of war—why racing can continue there but must be suddenly and disastrously stopped here, appeals to the man in the street as something strange indeed.

Especially in view of the fact that racing has been contributing tens of millions of dollars, directly and indirectly, to the war effort, while the taxation revenue it was pouring into the many different state treasuries was assisting them in a very material manner to support that terrific responsibilities and problems, financial and otherwise, that the war has raised.

The racing associations are reported to have received their sen-

Norma Burton Is Champion Rider At Sacramento

By Railbird

Heavy gray fog and wet, spongy ground made the work of the judges a difficult one at the first of the series of four hunter trials at the Barbara Worth Stables in Sacramento on December 10. It didn't seem to worry those dauntless riders in the least, however, and the show progressed gaily in spite of the chill and the dampness. All the horses were right on their toes, and some exceptionally fine goes were made over the interesting cross-country course.

The championships for the day were hotly contested, with the scores very close. Norma Burton, with the advantage of showing two good horses, was an easy first for champion rider with a total of 32 points, with Nancy Diggs reserve champion with 24 points. Only one point behind Nancy was Johanna Repose in 3rd place, with Betty-Jean Lassen with 21 points 4th. Pat Klein and George Richards were tied for 5th place.

Champion horse of the day was even a closer race, with Edgewood, owned by Ralph Taylor and ably ridden by Nancy Diggs, taking the tri-color with 24 points, nosing out Norma Burton's La Zova Moon, who had 22 points. Twenty-one points went to Betty-Jean Lassen's Windsor in 3rd place, with Johanna Repose's Little Cap 4th with 18 and Mickey McLaughlin's newly purchased and

Continued on Page Seventeen

Dawn Wins Opening Class In Atlanta Hunter Trials

The first Atlanta Hunter Trials were held Sunday afternoon, December 17, in the show ring at North Fulton Stables, Atlanta, Georgia. After more than a week of unusually cold, windy weather, Sunday was one of those perfect, sunny winter days that makes the horses and riders feel "high as a Georgia pine."

The opening class, lightweight hunters, was won by Dawn, owned and ridden by Dr. Urton Munn over Ann Thornton's Camille, ridden by Jessie Taylor. Third went to Vanity, owned and ridden by Sam Slicer, with Billy L, owned and ridden by Oliver Healey taking 4th place.

In the ladies' hack class it was Ann Thornton on Camille in 1st place, Mrs. William Elsaas taking 2nd on Duklin. Mrs. Dewey Ellis riding her Joe Lacey placed 3rd, with 4th going to Joan Dodd on Blazing Memory, owned by Mrs. R. H. White, Jr.

The middle and heavyweight hunters was won by Radar, owned and ridden by Richard Hull. In 2nd place was Cunning Fox, with his owner, William Elsaas, up; 3rd going to Mrs. Urton Munn's Wisdom with Dr. Munn riding.

The pairs of hunter hacks ridden by husbands and wives was the feature class of the day and was hotly contested with plenty of trotting and galloping before the places were announced. The blue finally went to Mr. and Mrs. Richard Hull on Radar

Continued on Page Seventeen

Chicago Draws 435 Show Horses From 43 States

Norwood Crowned Champion In Hunter Division Of 9-Day Show

By Margaret deMartelly

The 1st annual Chicago horse show is history after nine days of interesting performances by 435 horses from 43 states and Canada. These horses made up more than 1,500 entries in the 125 classes and included every possible specimen of the "genus equus" from the perfect hunter type, harness horses and ponies and the tail-set jobs, to Bruce Robinson's high school performer and Flight Officer Gene Autry's Champion, that reared and went places on his nether extremities.

The harness division, always fascinating, attracted many of the nation's finest horses. There were large and small Hackneys, roadsters, harness horses and ponies, single, double and tandem. There were several four-in-hand classes. Mr. J. L. Younghusband of Barrington, Illinois and the Hawthorne Farms of Libertyville, Illinois, each quartered 16 horses at the show. The Dodge Stables of Rochester, Michigan, entered 12, Mrs. A. C. Thompson of Maywood, Illinois, 13; H. Leslie Atlas of Wheaton, Illinois, 8; Glenholme Farms of New York City entered 7. Loula Long Combs of Lee's Summit, Missouri entered 5 and there were many others with 1 or 2 horses.

There were seat and hands classes for the youngsters and of course a deluge of saddle horse classes.

With the above data duly recorded and the busines of the week all washed up, we come to that part which is comparable to mulled wine by the fireside with one's most congenial friends—in other words, the hunter division.

Outstanding among the visitors to Chicago were Norwood (the hunter champion), Happy Creek, Light Land, Puritan Boy and Cliftons Storm, consistent winners throughout the week.

Norwood is owned by Donald Sutherland III of Brooklyn, New York. He is 8 years old and has had a good showing season. Among his victories were the conformation hunter championship at the Fairfield County Hunt Club (Connecticut) in September and again at Scarsdale, New York. He was shown in Chicago by Jean Jaffer of New Rochelle, New York. Miss Jaffer is not old enough to vote but she proved that she was old enough to show a hunter.

Continued on Page Eleven

Observations From Illinois

By Frank E. Butzow

Illinois never has been noted as a fox hunting state but that is not due to a scarcity of foxes. The fox population of the Prairie State is said to be higher than ever before. There are a few hunt clubs in the Northern part of the state, where foxes probably are scarcer than in other sections. Some residents of Little Egypt, as the Southern most part of Illinois is known throughout the world, annually take to the woods, sit on a log with a jug and a lantern at night and listen to their hounds run. In the corn belt, in timber lands which fringe the streams and in other parts of the midlands, hunters with guns and trappers take an annual toll of foxes. But no where

in Illinois is there a county or a community, the residents of which go out to form a ring around a fox or any other wild animal, then close in and club the helpless, defenseless animal to death. It is hard to believe that enough people to do such a thing could be assembled in Ohio, a state which has produced a number of Presidents, many good horses and even the Ohio Gang.

Illinois is not noted as a fox hunting country, as the term is used here, because there is so much plow land and other terrain unsuited for riding to hounds, not to speak of wire fences.

On second thought, let's do speak

Continued on Page Sixteen

Continued on Page Sixteen

Hunting Notes:-



The Aftermath

By A. Henry Higginson

CHAPTER FOUR

Toward the close of the afternoon we bade "good bye" to our genial host and motored back to London Town, where we dressed and dined and spent a leisurely evening together, discussing the Show and the hounds which we had seen there. We had meant to go back to "Stamwell" the next morning; but a suggestion from George Evans that we should pay a visit to his kennels at Ropley the next day; stop the night at his cottage; and then go to the Aldershot Hound Show the day after, fell on fertile soil, and we decided to accept his invitation.

In those days, Evans lived just across the road from the Hampshire kennels and we found him sitting under the trees near the house, studying his Pedigree Book and planning his next season's matings. He stopped his work when we arrived and proceeded to mix some cocktails for us—he had the ingredients ready to hand—and after we had had our appetizer, we went in to lunch. As is always the case at Ropley, we had a wonderful luncheon; for Evans has the faculty of ordering extraordinarily good things to eat and having them perfectly served.

After lunch we went to the kennels, and there I had the surprise of my life. Lincoln, who had visited the kennels when he had been in England some years before, told me that, at that time, he had thought them a very uneven lot, and that while they worked well, they certainly could not have been considered by any stretch of the imagination, as good-looking or level pack. Lincoln had told me that, although Evans had been brought up in the orthodox school, he had come to the conclusion that Sir Edward Curre had the best working blood in England, and he had made up his mind to use that blood freely.

"I haven't the faintest idea," Lincoln continued, "how the experiment has worked out, though judging from that bitch—Rarity—that we saw at Peterborough yesterday, he must have got some good results. But she may well be the exception; personally I don't look for anything like levelness in a pack where the Master's breeding policy has undergone such a complete change."

Evans had the young doghounds out on the grass in front of the kennels for us to get what he called "a bird's-eye view" of them. They were not all of a size, but they were all of a type; and to my way of thinking, it was a very workmanlike type, too. Far more ABOVE THEM—to use a hound man's expression—than the

hounds we had seen a few weeks before in the South & West Wilts kennels. More bone, more size, more heart and lung room, better feet, plenty of quality—and finally, beautiful movers. Some were too big to suit my fancy and some were too small; but taken as a whole, they were certainly a very nice lot, and there were many beautiful individuals among them, as their success at Aldershot the next day was to prove. It would have been easy to have spent many hours in kennels that afternoon; but we realized that Scott, the Kennel Huntsman, had to give his hounds a final polish for Aldershot Show the next day, and so we spent much less time than we otherwise should have done.

The talk that night at dinner quite naturally turned on hounds and hunting. As I have said, Evans and Lincoln were old friends, and many of the best hounds in Lincoln's kennels had been sent to America by our host, who, acting as agent for his American friends, had attended the Rugby Hound Sale and been among the successful bidders in acquiring the best. It was thanks to his astute judgment that several of the best packs across the water owed their success, and, not having seen Lincoln for several years, Evans was very interested in learning how his exportations had turned out.

"I don't know what I'm going to do now," he said, "about hounds for America. You see, the Rugby Sales have stopped; Tattersall told me that they were not going to hold any more, because in recent years the supply had far exceeded the demand, and prices had dropped."

"Why is that, George?" interjected West.

"Well," our host went on, "I can see no reason for it, except the very great success which the Field Distemper Serum, produced by Burroughs & Wellcome, has achieved. In the old days, the mortality among young hounds was often so heavy that many kennels had to reinforce their own young entries by drafts from kennels which had been lucky enough to raise a large entry. Coupled with this, there was at one time a considerable demand for hounds to be shipped to America—you know, Lincoln, your own importations sometimes exceeded fifty couples a year. That's all stopped now; you're breeding your own, and damn good 'ns at that, to judge from what one hears from men who have seen them over there. Now, everyone seems to be able to bring in from walk a very big entry, with the result that, not only are the drafts that

are offered for sale much larger, but also in far less demand. Why—only the other day, I went to a sale at Leicester, where there were entries from four distinguished packs. They were a good lot of young hounds too—exceptionally good—and yet, do you know, I saw one lot go for twenty-eight bob, and the highest price that any lot in the sale brought was five guineas for three of Lord Smethurst's bitches. The old man was so angry about it that he told his Huntsman to withdraw the rest of the hounds that he had brought up, and take them home again. That is what the success of THE FIELD'S Distemper Research has done to us 'dealers'. I'm one of them," he added ruefully, "I ought to know."

"According to that, George," Lincoln said, "you should have no trouble in getting what you want for the American market."

"Well, I don't know," Evans said, "you see, so many people have gone in for this 'Ponto blood'—as I call it—that hounds which measure up to the old Peterborough standard are few and far between; and if I were to send overseas some of the drafts which I have been offered, I should lose all the friends I've got in America. There's a revolution going on in the hound world, you know. You fellows won't believe it, but there is, just the same. Some people have found out that the old-fashioned 'square box' type can't stand the racket. I never thought I should fall for Curre blood; but I have, as you saw in my kennel today. I must say that I was rather surprised when 'Rarity' won that Brood Bitch Cup at Peterborough, because Peterborough is such a hide-bound institution that standards which have obtained there for the past fifty years, are pretty hard to break away from. You'll not see that at Aldershot tomorrow. They're less orthodox there."

"What made you change, George?" said Lincoln. "After all, you were brought up in the old school—so was I."

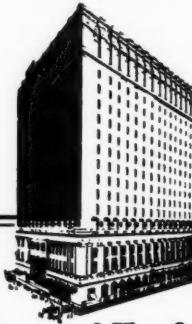
"Curre's hounds, when I saw them work," answered the Hampshire Master. "It was very hard for an old Master like me to realize that the picture hound which I have had in my eye for years, was wrong in its conformation, and that the modern type, the type we all are coming to now, was better. Those white hounds of Teddy Curre's are absolutely marvelous in their work. I've never seen hounds that could touch them; and while it went very much against the grain to see that type in a pack, I am quite sure that anyone who needs that sort will reap the benefit in the sport they are able to show. It's taken me a long time to change my

mind; there are some old Masters who haven't changed yet—there's one," he said, "right over there," pointing laughingly at West. "But he'll come to it; you see if he doesn't."

"I think I shall, George," West answered. "I've half come to it now; and if you'll lend me a stallion hound next year, I'll breed him to my best bitches. I saw a young dog among your lot today that caught my eye, and Scott told me that he went back to the Curre blood. His name was 'Baltimore', I think."

"You've got a good eye, West," Evans said. "You picked a hound that is, I think, about as good as anything we've got in the pack. Yes I'll lend him to you, though he is the best working doghounds I've got; bred the way he is, he couldn't be anything else. He's by 'Workman', bred by Curre, but entered by me, out of a bitch called 'Bangle', who goes back to the best working blood I know. I suppose that some people would crab him as not being big enough for a stallion hound; but his dam comes of big stock, and he's a beautiful mover; and if he gets whelps—as I've every reason to suppose he will—I think you'll get excellent results. Hunt him if you want to, and if you don't like the way

Continued on Page Fifteen



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December 16

This cold, wintry morning found 21 ardent followers gathered at Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Brookes, Jr. Many were reluctant to let go of the stirrup cups, hot biscuits and coffee supplied in abundance by the hospitable host and charming hostess, but hounds moved off promptly at eleven o'clock according to schedule.

The hard ground, the frozen clods of earth, and the grassy hillsides covered with a sheen of frost and ice were challenging.

"Rough going", "no scent today", "galloping and jumping are out of the question" were heard on all sides.

Such comments, as so often happens, were the prelude to one of the best days of the season. The hound work was so outstanding that adequate description seems impossible except by the use of super cinematic-like adjectives. But "beautiful" is probably the better word. The hound work on this difficult hunting day was indeed beautiful. The Master's heart must have swelled with pride as he watched the pack he had bred and selected so carefully, and which he himself was hunting, turn out a performance that even the severest critic could but admire.

The day, as was expected, provided mishaps but these as it turned out were not too serious and gave us all the thrill of a fully-rounded hunting day.

The young ladies from Miss Madeira's who constituted more than half of the field, having learned well the lessons taught them so skillfully by Miss Mildred Gaines, handled their horses and accidents like regulars. The first and minor mishap occurred as we were moving off when one of the young ladies, much to her surprise, found herself in the very center of the icy branch that separated us from the first covert. She made a perfect somer-sault, landing with head and feet in the air but the rest submerged.

Hounds were cast in the woods just north of the Brookes' big brick house. Within five minutes a red was put up. And almost at once they pushed him into the adjoining pasture of about 100 acres. The hounds at full cry, packed together so that the proverbial blanket could have covered them, were within 25 yards of the quarry as they ran him across the slippery hills. At times they were literally snapping at his brush. And the field, after negotiating one panel and a small chicken coop, were close behind.

At the far side of the pasture, Reynard found a convenient log over one of the wider stretches of Difficult Run. Because of the natural reluctance of hounds to plunge down the icy banks and through the cold water, this gave him another 100 yards' advantage. But soon Pilot and one or two of the bolder hounds made the dive and the rest followed.

From the far bank of the stream, the fox turned left and ran through the Leigh farm, the old Wyncoop place, and across the Beulah Road. Here he swerved right, passing within ten yards of the kennels and running the full depth of the Master's own meadows. On we slipped and galloped, carefully to be sure, but fairly fast through the Kidwell place, across Hunter's Mill road and into the Bowman woods.

There geographical details mean, dear reader, that up to this point we

were constantly in the open with hounds in full view. You grass country devotees may smile at this, but to us, who frequently are forced into woods and required to follow hounds by ear, it was wonderful.

The portion of the Bowman's woods adjoining Hunter's Mill road had recently been cleared by bulldozers, with the brush and trees thrown up in wind rows. And the fox employed this almost perfect cover to throw off hounds.

For about one-half mile they trailed doggedly but then came to their first check. After a short loss, however, hounds picked up the line in the brush and high weeds along the Old Dominion Railroad tracks. Striking the line with music that filled the air like Christmas Carols, they packed together, pounded up the steep bank and across the tracks. This was certainly one of the prettiest pieces of hound work it had ever been my privilege to see.

After crossing the tracks hounds swung right through the big Armstrong woods where we had a real gallop down the open ride. Making a sweep of about two miles in the woods, the quarry turned back to make his return journey. He recrossed the railroad tracks, ran through Col. Merrill's place and on to Burnt Chimney. Hounds were soon pushing him hard through scrub growth pine just high enough to snap us in the face and cover our coats with the black resin that exudes so freely from this species of Virginia evergreen.

In this tangled web of scrub and undergrowth the fox became confused. The voices of the hounds reached almost hysterical proportions as they streamed down on him. Reynard made two or three curious loops and the field stood still waiting for the kill.

But the wily one, recovering his senses, slipped off into the woods and headed for Pinecrest. Hounds gave hot pursuit and hopes still ran high.

As we turned to follow we discovered, much to our chagrin, that we were wired in. And there we stood! Hounds were in full cry in front of us but the field was stalled on a place widely advertised for sale as "a gentleman's estate in the heart of the Fairfax Hunt country", our long standing chicken coops torn down and the one available gate plastered and criss-crossed with planks nailed tight to the posts. And not a single pair of wire-cutters could be found among us.

But go on we must. Finding a sagging wire we placed a log across it with another at right angles making what we believed a fairly safe jump, providing one kept a tight hold on his mount's head and popped over. Most of us got over nicely until a stray right hind foot jarred the log loose and the wire sprang back into place. The young lady behind couldn't stop her mare and a badly cut artery, spouting a fountain of blood, was the sad result.

And then it was that the Madeira girls proved their mettle. Under Mildred Gaines' expert eyes, stocks flew off, tourniquets were made, coats pulled off and thrown over trembling Irony. The fair rider, of about fifteen years, I should guess, stood by with no thought of herself or her torn breeches but with tears welling up in her eyes for her injured favorite.

While we all regretted the severe cut, as big and deep as one's fist, we could not help but feel that all was well with the world when thirteen young girls worked as one in the shivering cold, sleeves rolled up, hands covered with blood, doing their

utmost to save the mare they loved.

Hounds were still hot in pursuit in the distance but even the hardened sinners among us felt glued to the spot. Many times we had said—when hunting in our study before the fire—that nothing, absolutely nothing, should stop the true nimrod when hounds were on the line of a failing fox. And I must admit that the temptation to gallop on whispered enchantingly in our ears on this occasion, but who could leave such a truly sporting scene.

We knew a van was needed and the road was miles off. The Master, thoughtful as always, called it a day and with his second Whipper-in this scribe, galloped off in the opposite direction in search of elastic bandages and a trailer.

The story could go on in infinite detail. But probably we should close the account of this full hunting day by saying the frozen ground permitted us to get the trailer to an adjoining pasture. The mare was safely loaded and carried to her home stables at The Madeira School. And we are glad to report that dear Irony will live to hunt another day and carry stout-hearted school girls close behind hounds.

I should like to add a word about our season which, notwithstanding war's handicaps, has been very successful. We have hunted regularly two days a week. The fox has been viewed away on a number of occasions and all foxes put up have been reds. Only one or two days were really blank and hounds ran in the open more than usual.—Edward Howrey.

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 THE CHRONICLE welcomes, not only the latest news, but personal views of readers, on all subjects of general interest pertaining to the Thoroughbred, the Steeplechase, the Horse Show and the Hunting Field. The views expressed by correspondents are not necessarily those of THE CHRONICLE.

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Editorials

DARK DAYS FOR RACING

The successful yearling sales and a successful racing season almost at its close are overlooked at the moment as owners and trainers try to plan for the future after the recent ban on racing.

As is well known, the horses at the southern tracks and the ones which were awaiting the opening of Santa Anita are in a worse jam than those horses which have been turned out at their owners' farms or boarded at other stables for the winter months. Getting these horses back home presents a great problem and to the men who have all their capital invested in their stables, the matter of transportation is not the only factor involved. Steps are being taken to provide relief for these stranded horsemen but no doubt it will be some time before the last of them are on their way home.

Despite the heavy handicap caused by the ban, the tracks, in true sportsmanlike manner, have asserted their willingness to co-operate in every way possible. All tracks will be closed on January 3, 1945, to remain closed until the green light shines again. Other sports are also affected but the ban on racing has a far more reaching effect than most people realize.

Some writers are talking about destroying some of the horses but a horseman always finds a way to take care of his stable. It may not be operated in such a grand manner but something will be done to carry them along until the tracks are open again. When one has worked with horses for years, it is not easy to leave the game entirely, and regardless of set backs, there is usually a race horse of some kind in the stable which is going to turn the tide.

Racing has certainly contributed liberally to war charities and a look at its present list of owners, trainers, jockeys, grooms, etc., will show many who are serving in the armed forces. One factor to be considered in stating that there are still more who could be in the service would be the fact that in any phase of life in this country, there are those persons who will not be in the service whether connected with racing, other sports or striving to do something to insure keeping in civilian clothes. This is all too apparent when one looks around the community, city, etc., wherever he may live.

The breeding industry should not suffer too much as the future will depend on the juveniles which will be sold from these nurseries in the coming years. It remains to be seen what the yearling market will be this next year but looking that far ahead is a bit too much at this point. There is no reason to believe that the prices will drop back to the 1942 level when the highest priced yearling was \$9,000. By the time the sales are held, it is to be hoped that the tracks will again be operating, even if on a smaller scale, to assure the yearling buyers that their coming 2-year-olds may go to the post.

Racing has been used to set-backs and has always come through and when this present state of emergency is over, it will again go to the front in doing its utmost to provide sport for the American people and resume its program of contribution.

To all the sportsmen, the best of luck to you. Do the best you can to help during this crisis and give your support to winning the war.

Irish Horse Notes

Antiquity Of The Irish Hunt

By Neil C. Collins

Hunt Clubs came into existence in Ireland in 1797. For some years prior to that time, foxhunting packs were owned mainly by titled gentry who hunted when they felt the urge, and who confined the hunts to a few select members of their own clique. They choose a retinue of servants from among the tenants on their vast estates, and these helpers saw to it that the hunt was confined to the master's domain.

For instance, the Earl of Ormonde would invite the Marquis of Waterford and his friends to join him in the chase on a certain day, and at a later date Waterford would return the compliment, and so on. In this way they kept hunting to themselves. They could afford the up-keep of packs, and the average horse-lover was left on the outside looking in.

All this was a little too much for John Power of Waterford. He was a very wealthy man with very democratic leanings, so he 'kicked over the traces' and brought into existence the first National Hunt Club in Ireland. He bought a pack of hounds, had kennels built at Kilkane in the County Kilkenny, and invited the average horse-lover to take part in the hunt across country. Soon other hunt clubs started up, and in a few years competition became keen. The nobility took it all very sportingly. They joined the hunts and broke away from their traditional snobbery. All this happened in 1797.

Since that time the Kilkenny National Hunt Club has become one of the leading hunts in Ireland. It has numbered among its distinguished clientele such men as Lord James Butler, Earl of Ormonde, the earls of Howth, Dysart and Listowel, the Marquises of Waterford, Clanricarde and Drogheda, and Lord Dunkellin. So much for the birth of the National Hunt Club in Ireland.

According to ancient writers, Irishmen hunted with the hound and spear as early as the second century, A. D.

The renowned Irish poet of the third century, Ossian-son of Finn MacCoul of legendary fame—writes about the fleet-footed Fianna (ancient soldiers) of Erin who loved to chase the deer and the hare. He mentions two famous hounds named Bran and Scholan, which seemed to have been two of the best dogs in his father's realm.

Ossian also immortalized the Irish horse in his beautiful lay about the Irish Queen Maeve of the golden hair, who went in quest of him when he was supposed, in legend at least, to have been transported on the back of an enchanted horse to the land of perpetual youth, which the Irish at that time called Tir-na-noge. In any event Ossian wrote; freely translated from the Gaelic:

"Full beauteous was her milk-white steed,
 Well shaped and bright, of choicest breed;
 High arched was his glossy neck, and speed
 Was in each slender, shining limb;
 His saddle-cloth, long, smooth and wide,
 Was studded with gold in either side;

A golden bit he champed in pride,
 And shoes of gold were under him."

Thus, hunting for pleasure is recorded as being the favorite pastime of the Red Branch knights and chief-

tains of the ancient Fianna of Erin.

The great King Alfred of Britain, who travelled extensively in Ireland, spoke of the Irishman's love of the horse, and specially praised the hunting with hound and hare in the County of Roscommon.

Incidentally, the sovereign was expected, by his coronation oath, to spend two days a week at the chase.

King Brian Boru rode on a beautiful white charger when he defeated the Danes at the battle of Clontarf, outside Dublin, in 1014. When the Normans invaded Ireland in 1172, their chroniclers described the beauty of the Irish charger, and were indeed astonished at the fact that, in battle, the Irish could muster 10,000 cavalry.

The poet Edmund Spencer when writing to Queen Elizabeth on the condition of things among her 'Irish subjects' says, "Irish horsemen had three horses and three horseboys, and another boy to keep his spurs and hose and to make them clane."

The first mention of foxhunting, however, was given in State Papers of 1525.

It appears that there was a very loose law in vogue at this time, one of the many loose laws of that period. It was called 'coigne and livery'.

The law entitled a nobleman to park his servants and horses on the peasantry of the neighborhood for board and keep. The result was that the peasants couldn't pay the King's taxes, and the monarch got good and sore at the nobleman.

Later King Henry VII had this horrible custom abolished. The Earl of Kildare as premier earl of Ireland was expected to report to the reigning English sovereign any finagling that came to his notice in Ireland.

Kildare reported a bucc called the Earl of Ormonde for reverting to coigne and livery. He accused Ormonde of having "24 persons, 60 greyhounds and hounds for deer hunting, another of men and dogges for to hunt the hare, and a third member to hunt the fox; all at the charges of the King's subiectes (subjects) mete, drink and monee; and the whole of the charges whereof surmount 2000 marks by yere". In other words Ormonde, who apparently was a gay old blade, parked his men and horses on the King's subjects and ate them out of house and home.

In the ancient Brehon laws of Ireland provision was made for the preservation of hares and deer.

All these anecdotes may be taken as an index to the fact that hunting with hounds and horse took root in very ancient times in Ireland. The early Irishman appears to have been a great horseman, a tradition which has been well maintained. The old Irish in their folk-lore, not to be outdone by the earthly horse of the sportsman, created a horse of their own which they called in Gaelic the Pooka or spirit horse. He symbolized the ghost of all the great horses of Ireland that have passed on to their horse heaven.

The story goes that when a horseman had imbibed a little 'well but not too wisely' the Pooka caught up with him, hoisted him on his back, and gave him a merry old bounce over hill and dale, moor and fen, double-ditch and bank and never set

Continued on Page Seventeen

CHAGRIN VALLEY HUNT

Gates Mills,
Ohio.
Established 1908.
Recognized 1909.



We would like to correct an error in one of your previous issues, and also give you a brief outline of the sport and hunting of the Chagrin Valley Hunt. In your issue which contained the Hunt Roster and also a picture of the Hunt Staff of the Chagrin Valley, Jack Long is listed as huntsman, whereas our hounds have been hunted for the past three years by Eddie Bywater. In no way should credit be taken away from Long. It is only due to physical disability that he has not been able to get out with his hounds. The arrangement we have is quite unique. Long supervises the care and feeding of the hounds, the conditioning and breeding, and has complete charge of the pack, but when they leave Kennels, they are turned over to Bywater, who is from then on huntsman. Long was huntsman here from 1917 to 1927 and one of the best. He came back here in 1942.

The pack has been out twice a week from September until now, when snow has cancelled all activity. Our whip is Tommy Long, son of Jack Long a young boy, who has done a wonderful job, especially with the schooling and conditioning of the hunt horses, all of which were very green at the start of the season. He is most co-operative and willing and should make a good whip in the future. Bywater works on a productive farm, but manages to get enough time off to hunt hounds.

We, as members, think this is the best season any of us can remember. We have had but two blank days and as for the rest, we have averaged runs of an hour and a half, with several well over two hours. In spite of the dry fall, and the fact that our fifteen couple pack consists of ten couple of first year puppies, Bywater has given us top sport.

I think our most outstanding run was a few weeks ago. The meet was at Ox Hill. We drew East into Belle Vernon, not finding in the first cover as we usually do, we continued South toward the Cardinal Camp. At the top end of Belle Vernon they found their fox and stayed with him for two hours and a half. The fox crossed Snake Hill Road into Cardinal Camp and continued on across Wooley Road into Hatfields Woods, drove, I should say, hounds drove him through Hatfields, which is a big cover, and on to the main highway 87, a distance of about three miles, straight away. The fox then turned East and ran to highway 306, made two loops in the Hatfield cover, then headed back toward Belle Vernon, straight North, with hounds driving hard. He crossed Wooley Road again then through the Cardinal Camp back toward Belle Vernon. He then made a loop East through Smith's barnyard, where hounds checked. They picked him up again, carried the line through a cornfield, across the Chagrin River, and back to Belle Vernon as far as the Snake Hill Road. Here hounds checked again.

It was dark by this time, so the Master, Mrs. White, ordered hounds up. Hounds had pulled shoes, the Huntsman's horse had turned over with him over a big coop with a rider on top, and most of the field had pulled out. As we had 11 1/2 couple out of 12 1/2, the Master thought it best to call it a day. This run was particularly enjoyable as we viewed the fox several times and saw a great deal more hound work than usual.

Hounds stayed with their fox, through tough checks and drove him hard when they straightened the line out. Out of a field of thirty only six were at the finish, and three of these were children under teen age!

The members of the Hunt would like this opportunity to express their appreciation to the Masters, Mrs. Thomas White and Mr. George Humphrey for the way in which they have solved our hunting problem, and by so doing have kept the pack and the hunting alive for our pleasure. We all hope that next year will find us back again in our same places with the Hunt Staff carrying on as they have these last few years.—A Member.

—0—

MR. NEWBOLD ELY'S HOUNDS

Ambler, R. D. 1,
Pennsylvania.
Established 1929.
Recognized 1931.



On the 22nd, hounds started an old line in Mr. Ely's East Woods, but got off on a grey. This varmint ran in figure eights over the cow pastures west of the Emmann's road, through the dense Pheasant Thickets around the Springs; hounds finally running out of scent on a newly ploughed field. Back on the old line of the red, they hunted slowly through Cunningham's fields, past the Easton Hillcock, across the Shimer's Road, down across Shantz's big fields, into Durham's Woods and into Cunningham's Swamp. They hunted up through Hiestand's, Tony's and it was not until they reached the celebrated Reservoir Pines that they jumped him and from there on it was hammer and tongs, all the way out to the Turkey Farm, with "Becky" and "Trace" really rattling him. The last hour and half was really fast, finally ending in the Rocks overlooking the little town of Sigmund.

On the 25th, the hunt was very similar to the previous one, except that no grey interrupted and hounds ran beyond the turkey farm to St. Peter's Church and then back over to the Sigmund Rocks.

The 29th was a warm, balmy day, crystal clear and not propitious for scent. Hounds drew for several hours, patiently, thoroughly and energetically. It is on some of these days that a keen huntsman can tell which are his workers, any cur dog can race a fox just jumped. It was not until 4:30 in the afternoon when the fireworks started. The pack was drawing across the swampy fields north of the Mill and almost all had passed through, when "Deluxe" swung back and worked like mad over a little spot, his stern whipping furiously. Finally tilting his head heavenward he let out a deep roar and the pack raced back to him. They hunted through the thickets south of the Reservoir up through the Reservoir fields, west through the pines with "Barbo", a remarkable first season bitch, leading, and back south along the Ridge. Scent suddenly failed, but holding them forward, we had not gone more than a half mile when "Graceful" struck it hot, gave tongue and away they all went hammer and tongs out to the Salem Road and around in a big circle for fast 45 minute burst, putting their fox to ground west of Pennypacker Orchard.

Wednesday, Dec. 6

Hounds soon formed in "Ely's Bowl". Short dash to a large earth,

one frequently used by a grey. Slow across Shimer's Hills to Cunningham's swamp. Pansy was seen to enter with much enthusiasm from the south end—soon the pack was sending up great music from the center of the dense swamp.

The hunt staff and field was slow in going around swamp, expecting fox to break out on west side, but this time he went out the north side, across Nemeth's and Marsteller's large open fields to the east woods.

Here on the far end of woods in a deep ravine he was marked to ground. It was a damp warm day, wind from the Northwest.—W. E. B.

Identification

Being studied by The Jockey Club Horse Identification Bureau which was instituted by Assistant Secretary, Marshall Cassidy, is a device which tattoos a serial number painlessly on the horse's lip. A system of palate printing, similar to finger printing is also in the experimental stage. Horse identification is not only a safeguard against "ringers," or the

running of one horse in the identity of another, but an aid in preventing mix-ups on the farm when young horses of similar color, without distinguishing markings, are turned out together.

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NORTH WALES STUD

Warrenton

Virginia

*BAHRAM

Fee \$2,500, No Return
(Book Full)

Br., 1932, by Blandford—Friar's Daughter, by Friar Marcus.
Unbeaten as a racehorse. Winner of the 2000 Guineas, Derby, St. Leger, etc. Six of *Bahram's first crop of eight foals were winners, including 5 stakes winners. Bura, a stakes winner, was from his second crop winners. His third crop produced eleven winners, including five stakes winners. From his fourth crop came the stakes winners Extravagance and Persian Gulf.

*CHRYSLER II

Fee \$350, With Return

Br., 1931, by *Teddy—Quick Change, by Hurry On

Stakes winner in both England and France, winner of Salisbury Cup, Alexandria Handicap, Babraham Stakes, Durham Handicap, etc. *Chrysler II's first American crop raced as 2-year-olds this year and include the winners Ellis and East.

HEAD PLAY

Fee, \$350, With Return

Ch., 1930, by My Play—Red Head, by King Gorin

Winner of Preakness, Suburban Handicap, etc., and \$109,313 in stakes. Sire of 62 winning sons and daughters of 250 races, including the stakes winner Tola Rose (which set a new track record of 1.56 4/5 in beating Whirlaway, Swing and Sway, etc.). Through September 30, 1944, Head Play sired 38 winners of 86 races and approximately \$84,790.00 including 6 2-year-old winners of 17 races and approximately \$19,460.00.

*HYPERIONION

Fee \$350, With Return

Ch., 1940, by Hyperion—*Penicuik II, by Buchan

Full brother to Pensive, winner of Kentucky Derby, Preakness, etc., and \$167,715 in stakes. *Hyperionion won at 2, also finished second in Saratoga Sales Stakes and third in Grand Union Hotel Stakes. He won at 4 and was unplaced only once at 3. His sire, Hyperion, led the English sire list 1940-41-42 and ranks high this year. *Hyperionion presents an excellent outcross for mares of American bloodlines.

RAMILLIES

Fee \$350, With Return

B., 1939, by *Blenheim II—Risky, by Diadumenos

Ramillies was a first-class race horse. At 2 he finished second to Devil Diver in the Sanford Stakes and fourth to Some Chance in the Futurity. He possessed both speed and stamina. At 5 he won at all distances up to 1 1/4 miles; finished second to *Princequillo in the Merchants' and Citizens' Handicap, 1 3/16 miles, and fourth to First Fiddle in the Massachusetts Handicap.

All mares must be accompanied by a veterinarian's certificate showing freedom from contagious diseases, and all barren and maiden mares showing that they are free from infection and sound for breeding purposes.

Return is for one year providing mare proves barren
Return to be claimed by December 1, 1945

SEDFIELD HUNT

High Point,
North Carolina.
Established 1927.
Recognized 1941.



Seventeen including the staff, were on hand at the Sedgefield Inn Saturday, December 9, at 9:30. A gray fox had been reported in the immediate vicinity of the Inn, and hounds were cast just a block southeast of the Inn. No evidence of a fox around, so hounds were lifted and re-cast in the Burrus pasture. The ground was still frozen, and did not begin to thaw until about 10:15. Just about this same time the hounds gave tongue on the edge of a creek just south of the old Gold Mine. It was impossible to ride into this creek area, so Huntsman and field rode as close to the creek as possible, and followed the trailing pack for an hour and forty-five minutes with the line apparently getting stronger and stronger until hounds at last were in full cry. There was a little good galloping, but the fox was evidently gray as he stuck pretty closely to the creek and swampy territory into which the Hunt could not ride. Huntsman Thomas and Joint-Master Rochelle with Field Master Frank Curran attempted to go into the swampy territory and the first two managed to get in and out. However, Curran was not so fortunate as his mare bogged all the way down and had to rest for some minutes and Curran was compelled to dismount and assist in getting her out—which did not take a great deal of effort after the mare had had a few moments rest. However, it was so bad that no one else attempted

it, and those who had, regretted bad judgment.

The hounds were called off and everyone hurriedly gathered at the Sedgefield Inn at 12:30 where the Hunt Secretary, Charles L. Kearns, and Mrs. Kearns were hosts at a delightful Hunt Breakfast. The full membership had been invited by Mr. and Mrs. Kearns, and some fifty were seated at the beautifully decorated table, and enjoyed a wonderful meal. There was so much fellowship and so much fun that this breakfast beginning at 12:30 lasted until 5:30 for a portion of the group, while others had to leave to meet other engagements. Charles and Adlyn Kearns were voted a sincere lot of thanks by their many guests, and they were most sincere in their appreciation.

Wednesday, December 13, was cold with little sunshine. The ground had thawed just enough by three o'clock in the afternoon to make footing a little treacherous, and the atmosphere was raw enough to discourage all but Huntsman Thomas, Whipper-In Gilbert Scott, Joint-Master Rochelle and his wife, Louise Rochelle, and Claude Sutton, Jr. Patches of snow were left in the woods from two days previously, but the ground was damp enough to suggest that possibly a good run could be had. The cast was made northeast of the Southern Railway lines after they crossed the Groometown Road. This heavily wooded area was drawn very carefully for possibly forty-five minutes without results, and hounds and riders came out on the Stanley Road which runs east from the Groometown Road to Pomona. The idea was to ride up this road for about three-quarters of

a mile and cast into the left.

However, on the way Rambler gave tongue suddenly while exactly in the middle of the road, and Rambler and the pack were off as fast as hounds could travel. They followed the line on the road for possibly half a mile and turned sharp right into a heavily wooded and brushy area. The fox was apparently far enough ahead so that he was walking, and scenting conditions were apparently ideal, as hounds followed the line carefully and steadily, and those riding had the privilege—after the first fifteen or twenty minutes—to watch the hounds carefully work this line out for some forty-five minutes. As the scent became stronger, the pace increased until the pack was in full cry, and riders were away full tilt through the woods to the west, across the Groometown Road, and down the edge of the railroad track as fast as horses could go to the Boren farm. They reached the Boren pasture just in time to see the pack heading back through the woods toward the covert from whence they had come—back across the Groometown Road to the east. Again riders were wide open to this wooded area where the line had been worked out, and the fox gave hounds and riders a merry chase through the narrow trails on this property until the fox decided that he had had enough and went to earth.

Huntsman and the small field were sure of a kill, as the pack was evidently running a sight race when the fox went to earth. It was then almost six o'clock, and getting close to dark. However, hounds picked up another line, and were gone again

in a mad rush. Huntsman and field followed until hounds were called in and the small group returned to the stable in the dark. They were very happy and elated with this fine run as it reminded them very much of the many runs of last year—of which there had been practically none this year until this Wednesday.

—T. V. R.

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1945

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Prince Rose	Rose Prince	*Prince Palatine Eglantine
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Papyrus	Tracery	Miss Matty
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*Princequillo Won at 5½ Furlongs—*Princequillo Won at 2 Miles—
He Won in New Track Record Time—He Won \$96,550

His Female Line Is One of Winners and Producers of Stakes Winners—His Sire Was
Leading Sire Abroad

*PRINCEQUILLO, winner of \$96,550 at 2, 3, and 4, won at 5½ furlongs and on
up to two miles.

His victories included the Saratoga Handicap (beating Bolingbroke and Shut Out and covering the 1½ miles in 2:01 4/5), the Saratoga Cup (setting new track record of 2:56 3/5 for 1½ miles, beating Bolingbroke and Dark Discovery), the Jockey Club Gold Cup (beating Fairy Manhurst, Bolingbroke), the Questionnaire Handicap (carrying top weight and equaling track record for 1½ miles, beating Lord Calvert, Transformer, etc.), the Merchants' and Citizens' Handicap (going 1 3/16 miles in 1:56 1/5 with top weight to beat Ramilles, Wait A Bit, etc.).

In the Whitney Stakes this season he was beaten one-half length by Devil Diver at level weights. Thus, the Whitney Stakes became his "hard luck" race since he lost the 1943 running of this event by a nose to Bolingbroke.

*PRINCEQUILLO started his racing career at Saratoga where at 2 he won at 5½ and at 6 furlongs to begin a season in which he was unplaced only twice in 10 starts.

*PRINCEQUILLO is a son of English-bred Prince Rose, an outstanding racer in Belgium and France and leading sire in Belgium in 1938. In Belgium, Prince Rose won four of seven starts at two, all of seven starts at three. At four he was undefeated in five starts, climaxing and ending his career in France in the Prix du President de la Republique.

*PRINCEQUILLO's dam, Cosquilla, won seven races in France, including Prix de Chantilly. His second dam, Quick Thought, was a winner and producer of six winners, including four stakes winners. The third dam, Mindful, unraced, produced five winners.

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PHONE 393

PARIS, KY.

ELLERSLIE STALLIONS

Season of 1945

Charlottesville, Virginia

FLARES

Bay, 1933

*Sir Galahad III

Marguerite

Flambino

*Wrack

*Flambette

FLARES was a winner of the Newmarket Stakes, Princely Stakes, Stakes, London Stakes, Champion Stakes, and Ascot Gold Cup, also placing in others of England's big stakes races.

His first crop produced 12 winners and his second crop 11 winners. Two-year-old winners from his third crop are now racing. To November 1, 1944, his progeny have won \$42,650 in first monies only. He is the sire of Skytracer, winner 1944 Blue Grass Stakes, beating Broadcloth and others; Chop Chop, winner Endurance Handicap, placed in Ardsley Handicap, Classic Stakes and Tentee, winner Pimlico Nursery Stakes. Other winners have placed in stakes.

FEE—\$250 RETURN

TINTAGEL

Bay, 1933

*Sir Galahad III

*Teddy

Plucky Liege

Friar Rock

*Affection

TINTAGEL was the leading 2-year-old of his year, winner Belmont Futurity. His first crop produced 13 starters, of which 11 were winners, including CASTLERIDGE, Tintagel, etc. His second crop, 2-year-olds of 1942, he has 14 winners, including which have won in three seasons, and the good winners Ambie, Tint, Short Life, Gold Tint, Tindal, Tintester, Darby Doc, etc. His third crop, now 3-year-olds, has produced 7 winners out of 12 starters and 3 have placed. More than 50 per cent of TINTAGEL's winners in his first three crops won as 2-year-olds. To date he has six 2-year-old winners, including Talmadge and Freddie's Pal, (four races each), Slight Edge, etc. To November 1, 1944, his progeny have won \$50,940 in first monies only.

FEE—\$250 RETURN

Return is for one year if mare does not prove in foal. Return to be claimed by December 1, 1945.

We reserve the right to reject any mare physically unfit.

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CLAIBORNE STUD

PHONE 393

PARIS, KENTUCKY

FRIDAY DECEMBER 29, 1944

THE CHRONICLE

PAGE SEVEN

DAWN



DAWN, a chestnut gelding, 16.2, by ESPINO—SOFT LIGHTS. DAWN has been a successful winner for his Atlanta, Georgia owner-rider, Dr. Urton Munn.

Leading Money Winning Steeplechase Owner



Mrs. F. Ambrose Clark tops the list as the leading money winning steeplechase owner in 1944. Mrs. Clark headed the list in 1942 and provided close competition for the honor last year. Her string, trained by "Dolly" Byers, won 21 races and purses totalling \$69,215.

*Piping Rock

(Property of W. H. LaBoyteaux)

STANDING AT
Stadacona Farm, Glyndon, Md.



*PIPING ROCK,	Phalaris, br., '13 £5478 LSE '25, '28
B. H., '37 (Fam. 22)	Fairway, b. '25
	L and £52722
	LSE '36, '39, '43, '44
	Scapa Flow, ch., '14 £482
	Eclair, b., '30
	£5795 1/4
	Ethnarch, gr., '22
	Black Ray, br., '19 £255

For approved mares (with return) Fee \$200

For stake winning mares and for
dams of good winners Half Fee

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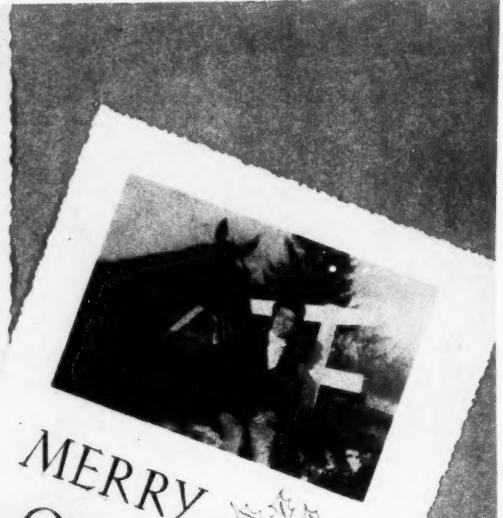
THE CHRONICLE'S MAIL BAG



*Merry Christmas
and a
Happy New Year*

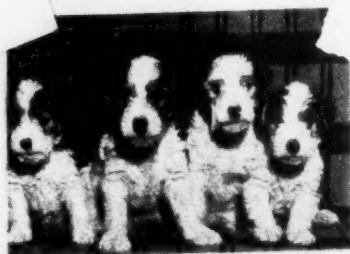


*Merry Christmas
Miss J. Carroll Tischinger*



*MERRY
CHRIST*

*from 'Mr.
and Mrs.'*



*SEASONS GR
Harry*



*Our 'Dear
Children'
Helen*



(Morgan Photo)

BURMA ROAD
Owner, Mrs. Esther du Pont Weir
J. Magee, Up
Winner of the \$15,000 Added Temple Gwathmey Memorial Steeplechase Handicap, Belmont Park,
November 6th, 1944. Three Miles



Mathematician

First row down: Deane Burton, Emmett Roberts, United Racing Association. Second row down: Miss J. Carroll Tischinger, M. J. Knoud, Gordon Grand. Third row down: Mrs. Helen Horst, Harry Kirkover, Miss Helen Hannum, Mrs. Elizabeth Correll.

Notes From Great Britain

By J. Fairfax-Blakeborough

Family Circles Incomplete For Another War-Time Christmas Season

The first batch of carol singers arrived at my door early in November to announce that "Poor little Joe" was "out in the snow", and that "Good King Wenceslas looked out on the Feast of Stephen". I can remember when aged bearers of the wassail-cup (which they called "vessel-cup"), began their long itineraries in August, so that they could cover the whole area in which they were known. I heard that there were "wassail-cuppers" out last year, but I, personally, have not seen, or had a visit from them for many moons.

They carried a box—a miniature crib—in which was laid, amongst coloured decorations, three dolls representing Our Lady and the Holy Family. An apple and orange usually lay in the crude manger throne, and this was in place of gold, frankincense and myrrh—"gifts both rich and rare", brought by the Three Kings.

These harbingers of Christmas are a reminder of how fast Yuletide approaches. Letters from children at school are full of plans for the festive season. There are hopes expressed that fixtures of hounds will be handy during the holidays, that it may be possible to arrange "lawn meets" at some country houses, and that ponies are being got into condition for the sportsmen and sports-women of the future to ride. It is well that youth should not have the joy of the coming season clouded by the disappointment we all feel that it is to be another war Christmas, that family circles will again be incomplete, and that scarce a home but will have anxious hearts and minds to keep in subjection, so that those around may not know that their very heart strings are being strained and gnawed. It will not be easy to get the ponies "fit" for the boys and girls. There is neither the time nor the corn for this—not that children's ponies should have a lot of corn. Speaking of ponies brings me to another note.

High Priced Ponies

Recently I have seen some ponies which, in make and shape, are just about as good as any I have ever come across. There certainly does seem to have been an upward trend during the last few years in producing cobs and ponies, and never in my time has the demand been greater. Of course, in most instances when I have been shown new purchases I have been asked, "How much is it worth?" That is a question at any time difficult to answer, and especially so

now. There is little relation between the market price of a horse and what it may be worth to someone in search of just such an animal.

Today ponies, which a few years ago would have been thought well sold at from £25 to £35, are being snapped up at twice that figure. It is partly due to supply and demand, and partly to the expense those have been put to who have bred and reared horses of any sort during the war years. One of the oldest horse dealers still alive remarked to me the other day, "A good tit was never bad to sell fifty years ago. Then motors killed the trade; now it's come again, and a man who has a really useful ride and drive galloway, can get almost any price for it. Nobody knows what they're worth, as a lot of people have taken to driving again since they couldn't get petrol, and more children seem to be riding. The probability is there will always be a market for good ponies, especially as they've got them with a lot better shoulders than they used to have, and a longer rein".

Christmas Hunting

"They've been hunting up in the reeds and dales amongst snow", remarked one farmer to another at market this week. "That's nowt", was the reply, "we've been trying to get a bit of corn in out of the snow, we have a lot of tatties out yet, and I know of a corn that standing that never will be cut. It was no use telling them Agricultural Executive chaps that it was madness trying to grow corn on hill-sides and high up. All some of 'em were out for was to say that so many more acres were under the plough—the yield didn't matter. They wouldn't listen to those who knew what farming is on those backward spots, where everything is over a month later than in the low country".

There have been early visitations of winter up in the hill countries, and hounds have been out both in snowstorms and with snow on the ground. Indeed, the hill packs will hunt under both winter and summer conditions that those in the low country would not face. There is an old saying "Get as much hunting as you can before Christmas, as after that there are sure to be frosts to keep hounds in kennels, maybe for weeks together".

In these times there are not many who can find time to hunt, although it is fully expected that during the Christmas holidays there will be bumper fields, and I gather that Masters of Hounds in the north are to arrange fixtures so that as many as possible may enjoy a day with their local pack.

There is sound policy in this, and the time has come when there need be less reticence and self-abnegation about the sport. We hear a good deal of "Let the people sing the time is at hand when we may again tune up

to "Let us join the glad throng that goes laughing along" with hounds.

Stallion From Virginia

Not until last week have I been able to get out to Fryup Hall to see "Farnley Exchange", the Cleveland Bay stallion sent as a gift from the American breeder, Mr. A. Mackay Smith. The blood of this stallion is valuable because of his entire freedom from the *Aislaby Lad* strain, with which the breed is at present rather over-dosed. My wife and I made the journey to Lealholm by train, which was held up at Castleton by reason of a horse-box which had to be unhitched.

When we pulled up at Castleton station I saw three very solemn, rather hopeless "horsey" individuals standing, and gathered from a shouted conversation that the box was two days over-due, and that, although they'd "fetched a rope, neean on 'em had a helter". Trains are never very much in a hurry down this line, and I was informed that when either stock or a telegram is received, there is a community system of passing on the information. "If you see Willie, tell him to let George know, so that he can tell Robinson's". That is the round about system of conveying news in these leisurely, isolated parts. Of course a link in the chain sometimes breaks; maybe George doesn't "light on" any of Robinson's for many hours, or one of those entrusted with a message "clean fer-gits".

Before we eventually arrived at Lealholm I saw, what I hope I shall never again see in mid-November, corn being led, and a lot of black stuff that wasn't worth leading out

of the field. At Lealholm we were told we were just a day too soon for a big day with Jim Winspear and the Glaistead Harriers—one of those occasions which end with hare-stew at some local inn. These "hare-stew days", always draw big fields, and, as likely as not, it is a fox which provides the sport. Nevertheless, there is, by some mysterious means, always hare-stew! The old system used to be that the first hare killed was sent to the inn at which the sportsmen had arranged to foregather later, but probably this proved to be uncertain, both as to the hare and the time, and especially so now that the fox is more popular than hare as a beast of venery. I would like to have joined these good

Continued on Page Sixteen

Woodland Farm

Red Bank, New Jersey

KNAVE HIGH

Ches. 1934

JACK HIGH—ALICE FOSTER,

by *PATAUD

Has had 8 winners out of 11 starters. Among these the stake winners Plique, Royal Flush and the winners Susan's Trick, Exposed Card, Mighty Master, etc.

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Fee—\$100 and Return

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Middleburg, Virginia

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(Property of Tall Tree Stable)

Granville	Gallant Fox	*Sir Gallahad III
	Marguerite	
BAY HORSE, 1940	Gravita	*Sarmatian
		Gravitate
Port Weather	The Porter	Sweep
		Ballet Girl
	Weather Love	Colin
		In The Sun

Considered one of the best looking horses on the track. SEA MARRIAGE started 21 times as a 2-year-old. Six times 1st—six times 2nd and three times 3rd. PORT WEATHER is the dam of the winners NOEL H., PERSONAGE, PORT WALES, WEATHERITE, SEA MARRIAGE and RIVER PORT.

GALWAY

(Property of Dr. Lewis H. Krashkin)

BAY HORSE, 1938	*Teddy	Ajax
	Plucky Liege	Rondeau
Silver Lane	Jim Gaffney	Spearpoint
		Concertina
	*Medora	*Golden Garter
		Miss Maxim
		*Rabelaia
		Mediant

SILVER LANE, stake winner, dam of 9 winners, including 2 stake winners.

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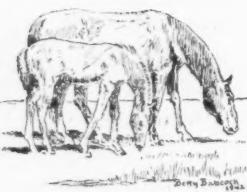
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Horsemens's

News-



*Piping Rock And Laugh Clown Will Stand At Stadacona

By Frances Rockefeller

Mr. W. H. LaBoyteaux has shipped the two stallions, *Piping Rock and Laugh Clown, to Stadacona. They will both stand at Mrs. C. W. Williams farm. Ten mares at the farm are on *Piping Rock's book for the coming season.

Before Marshall Field imported him from England, *Piping Rock finished 2nd to Star Dust in the National Breeder's Produce Stakes, winning 333 pounds. In the United States he won the Daingerfield Handicap—2 miles in 3.27, and the Hollister Purse, beating Tola Rose, Paul Pry, Filistes and other well known speedsters.

His sire, Fairway, by Phalaris, out of Scapa Flow, was the leading sire in England for several seasons and won the famous English classic the St. Leger, bringing his total winnings to 42,722 pounds.

Eclair, *Piping Rock's dam was a many time stakes winner. Her wins include Little Breeder's Stakes, Atlanta Stakes, Lingfield Autumn Oaks, Leicestershire Oaks, Falmouth Stakes, Brethby Stakes and the Ger-ton Handicap. Her first four foals, Vicenxia, *Celaneo, Lady Electra, and of course *Piping Rock were all stakes winners. Her dam, Black Ray, produced besides Eclair, *Jacopo, *Foray 2nd and Dark Brilliance, Domino, and Infra Red. Black Ray only raced at two, winning the Southport 2-year-old stakes.

I could go on for many more pages listing *Piping Rock's brilliant family and their claims to fame,—and will be most happy to furnish more facts and figures on demand,—but let's take a photographic look at the horse. To portray *Piping Rock on paper requires the talents of a Munnings or a Paul Brown. He is the most beautiful thing I have ever seen. Strong 16 hands and solid bay, he has the shoulders, quarters, and bone that show potent evidence of his ability to win at 2 miles as well as in the speed of the sprints. His head, neck and middle are things to make a hunter breeder's mouth water.

Turn back to your December 15th Chronicle and take another look at *Piping Rock's picture. Do you wonder at our enthusiasm to have him standing in Maryland?

His first season at stud (1943) was at his owner's, Mr. W. H. LaBoyteaux' farm, Hop Creek, New Jersey, where he has four excellent weanlings—(press date being two days before January 1st—maybe I should say yearlings). Standing as he does at such an attractive service fee, *Piping Rock should attract mares of the highest class to his court.

Many Horsemen Have Hung Tack At Fort Riley

By Dave Woods

A good many fine horsemen, professional and amateur, have hung their tack here at Fort Riley. And many of them have gone on to new fields, fields of combat where the knowledge of men and warfare gained here will stand them in good stead.

It's an ever-changing picture here; new faces mingled with the old familiar ones but all interested in horses. This applies right from the Commanding General to the Cavalry Replacement Training Center down to the newest horse Cavalry trainee. And, speaking of the Commanding General, it's a fact that he is the first man each morning to be up and about on his horse. Tech Corporal Jerry Vahey, for years with F. Ambrose Clark's fine stable, is authority for this information about Brigadier General Robert W. Strong. Vahey is the General's orderly.

The sense of being a true Cavalryman is emphasized by Lt. Col. William R. Hamby, commanding Officer of the First Training Regiment, the horse regiment here. In each Squadron Headquarters under his command, Colonel Hamby has had posted a notice reading: "You are a Cavalryman. Have you ridden today?" And displayed prominently in his own headquarters office is the following quotation from Kipling:

For things greater than
All things are
Women and horses
And power and war.

Over here in the Headquarters S-2 Section, which includes the Public Relations Section for the CRTC, the guiding spirit is Captain Howard Fletcher, Jr., of Warrenton, Virginia. While Captain Fletcher is not a horseman himself he knows many prominent people connected with the sport in the Virginia hunt set and is a cousin of the well known show rider North Fletcher.

There's a long list of names, the following all officers, who are here or have been here for training, remained for a while to pass on their knowledge and experience to the newcomers. Among them were Charlie Lewis, recently married to a St. Louis girl; "Whitey" Kahn, Pete Bostwick, Skiddo von Stade, Andy Fowler and Bobby Young. Some are still here including Steve Clark, John Crawford, Teddy Klukas, John Bond and Ed French, the latter very much interested in and active in the Cavalry School Hunt.

One indication of the almost universal horse interest in this sector is the ragged appearance of the various racing publications by the time they reach the comparative newcomer. Such homely and heart-warming things as The Chronicle, The Blood Horse and The Daily Racing Form are well-worn, frayed and marked by hundreds of hands. But, in true sympathetic horseman fashion, they are never clipped so the whole story and all the news is intact for the next reader.

In the absence of current racing and horses to discuss in leisure moments, old races and horses of a few years ago and the hunt meetings—that-used-to-be satisfy the appetites of the men. And not a little of the conversation is devoted to plans for the future with someone always interrupting with the wail: "Oh, wouldn't it be nice to be running for those \$2,000 minimum purses. When we get back they'll be down to a maximum of \$1,000."

Lt. Louis Stoddard, who rode as an amateur in this country, England and France, is a veteran of the training center here. He is rated a horse specialist and has taught, among other essential Army courses, the military fashion of riding to literally thousands of new Cavalrymen.

Lt. Louis R. Rowan, well known in California for his racing stable and polo activities, was a recent departure. Mrs. Rowan is the daughter of the William Leavitt Branns of Glade Valley Farm, Maryland where *Challenger 2nd stands. Lt. Robert Young, another owner-breeder, of Georgetown, Kentucky, was here recently.

Around the stables are faces long familiar but long absent from the race courses of America. In practically any barn you will meet this man who had Johnstown when he won the Kentucky Derby (and when he lost the Preakness); or Fenelon in the New York Handicap, or a score of famous runners and winners of the great stakes races of the American turf. Their role here is just as devoid of comment as it was before but by the same token is just as important to the general conduct and success of things as it was in peace times.

With it all, and coming from one who has been here a relatively brief time, there is a definite impression that the people of racing and in particular the steeplechase and hunt crowd, have contributed unselfishly of their manpower to the war—the services to be specific.

And among the men of the Cavalry here there is a great pride, traditional with the men of this arm of the service, that the Cavalry has performed its tasks so well in combat. They point with unabashed and forgiving pride at the courageous stand of the 26th Cavalry Division in the Philippines. And again at the fact that it was the Cavalry which made the first landings in the Philippine invasion not so long ago.

But there is really no theatre of operations in this war where the Cavalry is not and has not been well and creditably represented; where the familiar yellow braid and the emblem with the acorn and horse's head has not acquitted itself in brilliant fashion. They have a motto in the Cavalry. It's only two words but American to the core. It is "Build Well".

Stakes Summaries

Monday, December 25

Inaugural 'Cap, Tropical Park, (1st Div.), 3/4 mi., 3 & up. Purse, \$7,500 added; net value to winner, \$5,875; 2nd: \$1,500; 3rd: \$750; 4th: \$375. Winner: B. g. (3) by *Easton—Metella, by Mad Hatter. Trainer: 1.10 1-5.

1. Offenbach, (A. M. Bank), 110, G. L. Smith.
2. Silvestra, (Woolford Farm), 110, A. Fisher.
3. Queen Es, (M. Wexler), 117, J. Breen.

Fourteen started; also ran (order of finish): Broilite Farm's Challenge Me, 118, A. Snider; Edgehill Stable's He Rolls, 114, M. A. Buxton; L. J. Foley's Ration Scotch, 116, J. Higley; Mrs. S. M. Pistorio's Quilon,

Memorial Show Is Planned For Sonny At Secor Farms

By Mary Poll

He was the Vagabond king. He crashed into society with Archie Dean riding him. He jumped himself into more ribbons than is imaginable. He jumped himself into the heart of everyone who ever saw him. He was Sonny!

Sonny came up the hard way. Stories prove that once he pulled a junk wagon, but that was many, many years ago. Gordon Wright owned him, but Sonny gained his greatest fame during the years Archie Dean piloted him. They seemed to go together, like bread and butter. In the winter time, after a summer during which the little horse covered himself with laurels, he wandered around Saxon Woods alone—like a guardian angel. Saxon Woods is now Secor Farms, but Sonny wouldn't know it as that so we'll call it Saxon Woods—for him.

Now someone will ask what is all this leading up to. Simply this. Sonny isn't around any longer, but the junior members of Secor Farms today, who never had the opportunity to hear "first and champion, Sonny"—have decided to hold a Sonny Memorial Horse Show in order to raise money to erect a plaque on Sonny's home in honor and memory of a great horse. It will take place December 30 and 31 and ought to be a bang up affair. When asked about it, Mr. Wright said he hoped that all the riders who once rode at Saxon Woods would be able to return, if just to ride in a hack class. Of course, all can't be there, but as many as can will be—to pay a well deserved tribute to Sonny!

116, D. Meade; W. S. Jacobs' Uncle Jock, 112, H. Lindberg; Bobanet Stable's Alfios, 118, S. Clark; E. J. Daily's Johnny Jr., 119, B. Mills; Mrs. R. Feinberg's Tidy Reward, 108, J. R. Layton; O. S. Jennings' Kopias, 114, E. Campbell; Apheim Stable's Okapi Lancer, 123, T. Atkinson; Mrs. T. Christopher's Bel Reigh, 118, E. Arcaro. Won driving by 1/2 place same by a head; show same by 1/2. No scratches.

Inaugural 'Cap, (2nd Div.), Purse, \$7,500 added; net value to winner, \$5,825; 2nd: \$1,500; 3rd: \$750; 4th: \$375. Winner: Dk. b. g. (3) by *Blenheim II—Blue Dust, by Gainsborough. Trainer: E. L. Cotton. Time: 1.10 1-5.

1. Dustman, (Greentree Stable), 120, E. Arcaro.
2. Sophocles, (Bobanet Stable), 120, S. Clark.
3. Hasteville, (G. Ring), 119, N. Wall.

Twelve started; also ran (order of finish): W. S. Mack, Jr.'s Dartaway, 110, P. Roberts; Mrs. M. J. Wolfson's Smart Bet, 124, B. Mills; A. T. Simons' Havard Square, 122, B. Strange; Belair Stud's Dora Dear, 118, H. Trent; Mrs. D. B. Miller's Charter Member, 114, M. A. Buxton; Woolford Farm's Signator, 115, A. Fischer; Mrs. R. Carruthers' Jimmie, 115, R. Meade; Mr. and Mrs. B. Wise's Fire Power, 112, T. Atkinson; A. L. Levinson's Freeland Lad, 116, S. Young. Won driving by 2; place driving by a head; show same by 1 1/2. No scratches.

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Chicago Show

Continued From Page One

Light Land, owned by George Braun of New Rochelle, New York, was shown by Mrs. Paul B. Magnuson, Jr., of Barrington, Illinois. He was pinned in the ladies' hunter class. Mrs. Magnuson also rode Mr. Braun's **Puritan Boy** and **Happy Creek**, as did Lieutenant H. O. Owen, Jr. and Phillip Rush.

Puritan Boy is very green but he has a future. He gave the Judges Bernie Hopper and Fred Pinch a quarter hour of indecision. **Happy Creek**, imported from England, as a 5-year-old, has a good season behind him. He and his stablemate, **Light Land**, were formerly owned by Bert E. Bowen of Waterbury, Connecticut. **Light Land**, foaled in Virginia, has won 8 championships in 1944 and dozens of seconds. He has a record of knocking down only 2 fences out of 300.

Lt. Rush (Kansas City) and Lt. Owen (Hinsdale), both stationed at Fort Riley, were scheduled with Mrs. Magnuson to show this hunt team. Due to a sudden change in the program, not one of the team was on hand at the time. The team placed 4th with volunteer riders up. Mrs. Louis Swift of Wheaton, Illinois and Mrs. Charles Coffin of Wayne, Illinois, helped to show the team but I couldn't find out the name of the third member.

In the pair class, **Happy Creek** "smacked" **Light Land** and Mrs. Magnuson was unhorsed. The mouse gray color of the Fox River Valley Hunt went down in the tan bark and her whip cap has a dent, which proved the value and purpose of the cap. She was not injured. Her partner was Lt. Owen. These two horses had not been schooled as a pair and it was a difficult ride. Both riders did well.

During the show, **Light Land** and **Puritan Boy** were sold to the Dodge Stables of Rochester, Michigan.

Cliftons Storm, owned by Raymond C. Firestone, of Germantown, Tennessee, was a stake winner. Foaled and raised at Clifton Farm, Berryville, Virginia, he was rated as one of the top horses in Chicago.

Martha Jayne of Elgin, Illinois, took three blues on **Hialeah** and a stake ribbon on **Our Day**. These horses were ably ridden and are gaining quite a reputation. During the past summer, **Our Day**, owned by W. J. Tarrant of Chicago, won the hunter championship at Milwaukee and so his success at Chicago was not exactly a surprise. Mrs. Jayne, riding **Just So**, was a close 2nd to **Light Land** (Mrs. Magnuson up) in the ladies' hunter class.

In this class, Jane Marksman did her usual excellent job of riding the big heavyweight, **Mr. Woolich** and was 3rd. **Mr. Woolich** is from Stanley Luke's stable.

Sally Miller (Chicago) and **Spymaster** are just like "styke and kidney pudding", they go so well together but Sally and her sister Nancy look and ride so much the same that it was difficult to tell which was riding. It had to be Nancy (Mrs. Dean), however, as Sally is away at boarding school. **Spymaster**, hunter champion at Oakbrook, Illinois, last September, is one of those good looking chestnuts and he jumps like a Paul Brown model. He was 7th in the hunter stakes.

Mrs. Louis Swift of Wheaton, Illinois was on hand with **Frame-Up** and **Range Wrattler**, or **Roanie** as he is usually called. Mrs. Swift on **Roanie** rode off with 1st honors in the handy hunter class. This is the horse that

she jumps as an exhibition without saddle, bridle or halter.

As has been said before, it was predominantly a feminine show. However, in addition to Lieutenant Rush and Owen, there were other men in the ring. There was Hugh Rex McRose of Chicago and Pete Caufield and Ted Mohlman. Ted showed C. Speidel's **Santoy** and placed 2nd in the stakes. He is a spectacular horseman.

F. J. Anderson's **Over Again** was the jumper champion. Mr. Anderson also showed **Danny Boy**. He is not unaccustomed to taking home blue ribbons. He formerly owned the big bay hunter **Rysco**, now 15 years old.

Many a crowd at Madison Square Garden in pre-war days enjoyed the performances of this Thoroughbred. While in Chicago, Mr. Anderson bought **Rysco** back again and shipped him to his home in St. Paul, Minnesota where the horse will spend the rest of his days in retirement.

Throughout the week there was an oft repeated suggestion that The Chronicle publish an open letter to the horse show committee, a la Jimmy Fidler and his little black book.

The fact that people were sufficiently interested to make suggestions, is an example testimonial to the success and popularity of the show. All criticism was constructive and there was absolutely no signs of any ill feeling.

It was the universal hope of the hunting people who shipped their strings half way across the continent, that there would be more hunter classes next year. There were only 8 for hunters. There was no corinthian class although the immediate vicinity boasts of four recognized packs. There were no classes for green, novice or suitable to become hunters and no hunter hack class. The 8 hunter classes were for proved show ring hunters. For amateur horsemen who want to show, it was not inspirational to breeding good mares and enduring five years of hopes and fears.

It was further suggested that in addition to the children's seat and hands classes, saddle seat, there be some horsemanship classes for those children who ride the hunting seat.

Another suggestion was that conformation be judged before the show and that horses qualify for the stake classes on a basis of points and not just a high entry fee.

These suggestions came from horsemen all the way from New York to California who certainly plan to come back next year and who feel that this Chicago show can be the nation's finest down through the years. This first one was an astoundingly good beginning and I'd like to help write the conditions on hunter classes next year.

Paul Butler, president of the show, contributed largely to its success by long hours and by donating office space at the Butler Paper Company. He had, in the hunter-jumper division, the able assistance of Ted Mohlman and Pete Caufield.

Robert Snyder of Wayne, Illinois was truly picturesque in pink as ring master. Charles Green of Moberly, Missouri was announcer. Bert Corby of Portland, Oregon was ring superintendent and A. P. Fleming was show manager.

Summaries

Saturday, December 9

Jumpers—1. Hialeah, Si Jayne; 2. Camalot, Cadet George Gallagher; 3. Springfield, C. G. Speidel; 4. Bruce, Happy Way Farm; 5. Sunset Road, Mary Ellen Willis.

Sunday, December 10

Handy hunters—1. Range Wrattler, Mrs. Louis Swift; 2. Marina, Mrs. Philip Hart; 3. Bruce, Happy Way Farm; 4. Danny Boy, F. J.

Anderson.

Lightweight hunters—1. Paul Jr., Stanley Luke; 2. Wings of Gold, W. J. Tarrant; 3. Just So, Our Day Farms; 4. Norwood, Donald Sutherland III.

Sunday Evening

Jumper—1. Hialeah, Si Jayne; 2. Reject, Bonham Stable; 3. Over Again, F. J. Anderson; 4. Tornado, Willis E. Kuhn.

Monday, December 11

Middle and heavyweight hunters—1. Happy Creek, George Braun Stables; 2. Beau Joe, Mrs. Edward Houston; 3. Range Wrattler, Mrs. Louis Swift; 4. Mr. Woolwich, Stanley Luke Stables.

Tuesday, December 12

Jumpers—1. Over Again, F. J. Anderson; 2. Lord Hamilton, H. E. Marzano; 3. Reject, Bonham Stables; 4. The Plainsman, Smith Brothers.

Wednesday, December 13

Ladies' hunters—1. Light Land, George Braun Stable; 2. Just So, Our Day Farms; 3. Mr. Woolwich, Stanley Luke Stables; 4. Norwood, Donald Sutherland III.

Thursday, December 14

Jumpers, five foot—1. Reject, Bonham Stables; 2. Over Again, F. J. Anderson; 3. Satan's Image, Martin G. Weber; 4. Spats, Sterling Smith.

Hunters (teams of three)—1. Entry, Stanley Luke, Mrs. Edward Houston, Jorie Butler; 2. entry, Don Sutherland III; 3. entry, Mrs. Louis Swift; 4. entry, George Braun Stables.

Thursday Evening

Hunters (riders in livery)—1. Light Land, George Braun Stables; 2. Clifton's Storm, Raymond G. Firestone; 3. Spymaster, Sally Miller; 4. Light Land, George Braun Stables.

Friday, December 15

Hunters (amateur)—1. Argument, Donald Sutherland III; 2. Clifton's Storm, Raymond G. Firestone; 3. Spymaster, Sally Miller; 4. Light Land, George Braun Stables.

Friday Evening

Jumpers (touch and out)—1. Satan's Image, Martin G. Weber; 2. Hialeah, Si Jayne; 3. Lord Hamilton, H. E. Marzano; 4. Over Again, F. J. Anderson.

Saturday, December 16

Hunters (Pairs)—1. Entry, Donald

Sutherland III; 2. Entry, Our Day Farms and W. J. Tarrant; 3. Entry, Sally Miller, Mrs. Edward Houston; 4. Entry, Mrs. C. G. Speidel and Jorie Butler.

Saturday Evening

\$2,000 championship jumper stake—1. Over Again, F. J. Anderson; 2. Bessie Dare, Jean Rittenour; 3. Mischievous, William Struth; 4. Danny Boy, Mr. Anderson.

Sunday, December 17

Jumpers (amateur riders)—1. Sunset Road, Mary Ellen Willis; 2. Lord Hamilton, H. E. Marzano; 3. Bessie Dare, Jean Rittenour; 4. Hialeah, Si Jayne; 5. Skylark, D. D. Davis.

Sunday Evening

\$2,000 champion stake (hunters)—1. Norwood, Donald Sutherland III; 2. Santoy, C. G. Speidel; 3. Our Day, Our Day Farms; 4. Wings of Gold, W. J. Tarrant.

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VIRGINIA

ELKRIDGE—
HARFORD HUNT
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Monkton,
Maryland.
Merged 1934.
Recognized 1934.



The Elkridge-Harford met at the home of Jos. D. Baker, Jr., on Saturday, Dec. 16th, at 12:30, in a flurry of snow, and with the ground frozen and bestreaked with snow and ice. Despite the discouraging outlook, a fox was found on the Carroll property near where it adjoins Mr. German's farm, and killed after a very short run.

Hounds then moved southward towards what we call the Phoenix woods, in the edge of which another find resulted. This time it was a fox of real character, which went away without stopping to say goodbye, and led hounds and field, at a scorching pace, out of the overgrown Carroll land, crossing several of Mr. German's beautiful galloping fields (the owner himself, on his good gray horse being in attendance), back to Joe Baker's where we had met.

By this time the field was spread out like a comet's tail. There had been several falls, including one sustained by Joe Baker himself, but the reporter of this was making excellent progress, thus far with a view of hounds, hardly to be improved, when he became tangled in a thicket, and very stupidly lost the hunt. The rest of it is only known to him by hear-say.

Hounds at this point turned back towards the south, and ran on to The Jackson-Wilson woods, where some said they picked up a new fox, and others said it was the hunted fox, which turned again and ran at the same excellent pace, back to Ross Pearce's farm where he went to ground. The point was not more than a couple of miles owing to the crooked line, but, as hounds ran, about five miles was covered at a jolly pace.

On the following Monday, Dec. 18th, the meet was at Dr. Murgatroid's, and a very remarkable hunt was produced. The first find was close to Houck's Mill, and the fox ran from there to within half a mile of White Hall Station on the Northern Central Railway, which was a point of five and one half miles, but as the line was by no means straight, the distance was surely seven miles. He then turned northward for a zig loop which eventually brought his nose to pointing back for the place of his finding, and near there hounds ran out of scent, and lost their fox. Of course this fact marred the hunt from the technical English standard, but none the less, I would say from the standpoint of sport for those who followed hounds as well as they could, it was a very great performance.

The country was some of the roughest, which we have, with much woods, some road-riding, and little jumping, but let no one think it was an easy job to keep within sight or hearing of hounds throughout their journey, as did the huntsman, Raymond Swift, and his two whippers-in, Mrs. Riggs, and William Grant. Mrs. Riggs, who has been officiating for the love of the sport, rode her own line much of the way, and your reporter, when his eyes were not too full of tears from the cold wind, caught many glimpses of her, in the distance flitting from hill to hill in a most amazing fashion. The

huntsman was on terms with hounds throughout the hunt, except for an occasional minute or two, and then all that was needed to re-establish contact was to gallop on.

After the turn was made back toward home, much of the line was in the open, and we were often in the same field with hounds. Their cry was uninterrupted, as well as I could observe, until they had hunted for about ten miles, when the first check came. Raymond was close to them then, but they recovered without aid, and ran on for another two miles, when again they came to their noses. This time it looked like a loss and a quick count was made to see how many were missing. Every hound was there and two strangers which had joined in on the way. Then they recovered the line again, and were away for another mile, when scent failed utterly, and the hunt was over.

Most of the field were left in the first few miles, but Mrs. B. H. Griswold III, and Miss Helen Bachman hung on to within three miles of the finish, when one of them I could not see which, came to grief on a frozen hillside. The other seemed to be standing by to give aid, so I yielded to the huntsman's urging and continued on with the hunt, learning later that it was Miss Bachman's horse which slipped down but did not hurt his rider. The Master, Edward S. Voss unfortunately was not out.—DeCourcy Wright.

ARAPAHOE HUNT

Route 1, Box 62,
Littleton,
Colorado.
Established 1929.
Recognized 1934.

Thursday, December 7th. A warm afternoon with the snow melting, little puddles of water standing in the hollows of the ground. It was the perfect afternoon to take a bunch of pups out for their first hunt. Along to show them the way were several couple of the old hounds, and we weren't out long before a big, dark coyote popped out of a bush only a few yards ahead of us and thus began one of our most delightful hunts.

For the first time this season there was real scent and, although it was the slow pack we were with we had a long, continuous run far into the afternoon. Our first interest was not the length or speed of the run, although it was the best so far this year, but the behaviour of the new pups—Soldier and Sailor, Sea Bee and Sergeant, Dasher and Dipper, Dido and Delicate, and Sinbad and Sawyer. They all proved keen and most anxious to learn, staying well up in front but heedful of George's voice. The coyote was found in the south end of the Pollack and ran north, circling in the fields to the north and it was beginning to get dark when we returned home.

By Sunday morning the temperature had dropped to zero and there was a new covering of snow on the ground. Photographers slowed our start but we weren't sorry for it had only gotten to 18 above then—but the sun was bright, the air clear and no trace of wind.

With the fast pack we started north, jumped from the South pasture into the Tower and a coyote was viewed on top the Anticline. This time we had speed with our run and it wasn't long before we were all good and warm and glad we could be hunting on such a fine morning. Down the north slope of the Anticline we ran—scent was good—out across level fields, around a corner fence, through a small gate, over a deep

gully, then out again over a fence and south back to the Anticline.

This time the coyote went off west quite near to the Headquarters road before turning righthanded. We almost followed his first tracks, jumped north over the same panel only to make a small circle and come back over it for the third time that day. He was a real "ring around the rosy coyote" as our Hon. Secretary commented, and it was only after the third circle that hounds were called in at a temporary check.

Although the very warm dry fall has not been ideal for hunting, we haven't had a blank day and have had considerable fun on our short runs.

On the 22nd of October, we met at Kloepfer's Wildcat Ranch,—hunted in the East Ranch and returned to Wildcat for a delicious and hilarious breakfast, due in part to the effects of 6th Cavalry Punch on a hot, tired bunch of horsemen. Two weeks later,

Mr. Earl Morris entertained us at the Caboose in grand style, and other times we have found real fun in eating sandwiches, Dutch treat, together at the Caboose and talking over the day's sport. We are glad to welcome Miss Marion Mitchell and Miss Janet Moon from Colorado Springs and Mr. and Mrs. R. L. Jones from Monument as new members of the field—H. C. N.

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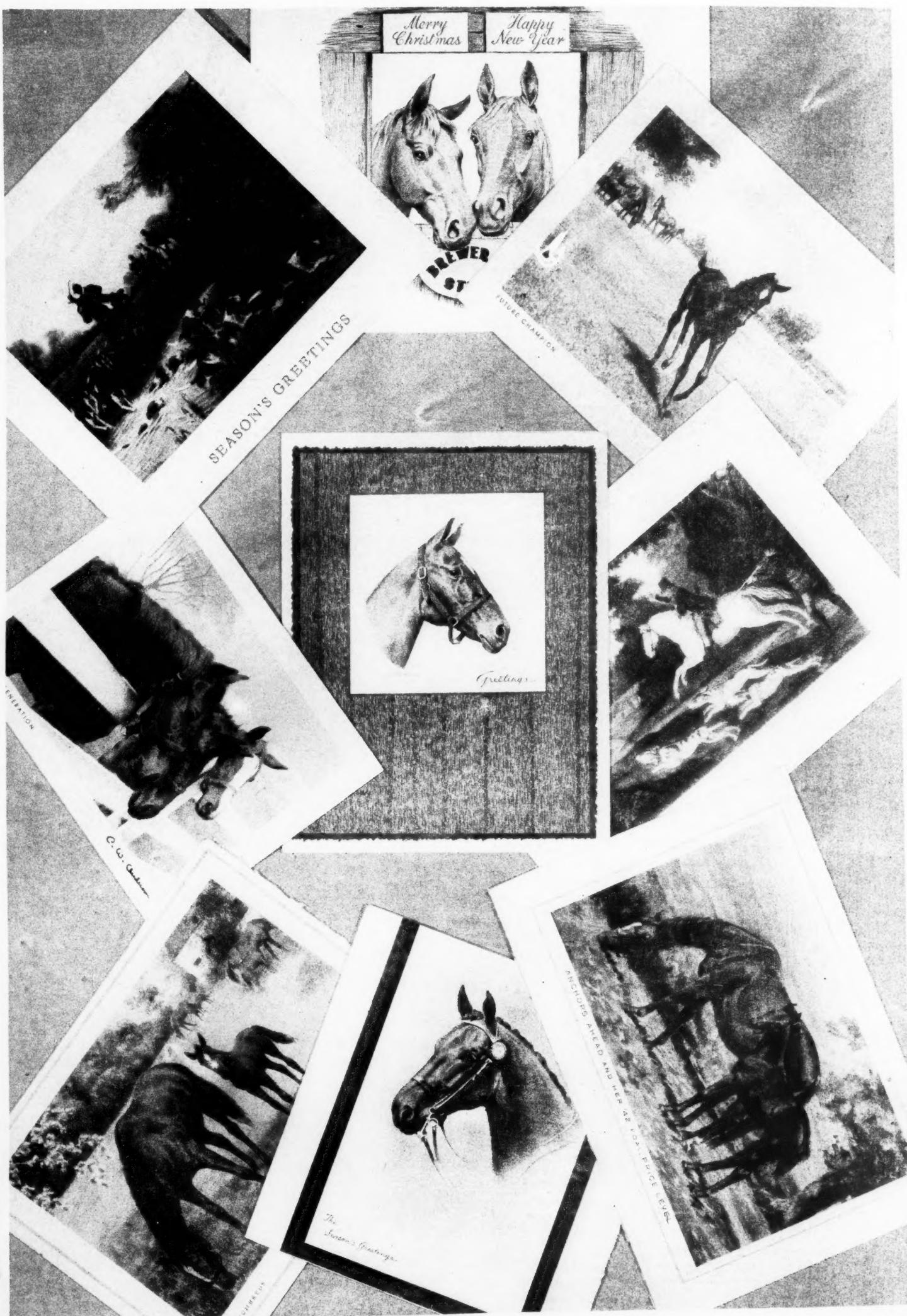
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THE CHRONICLE'S MAIL BAG



First row down: Clarence E. Bosworth, Mrs. W. A. Swinerton, Capt. F. H. Powers, Jr. Second row down: Eileen Brent, Edward Dick-
inson; Third row down: Capt. George T. Walker, The Louis deMartellys, Sgt. John Gayer.

The Aftermath

Continued from Page Two

he does his work, send him back to me,—and don't use him.

"Thank you," said West. "I'm very much obliged, George, and I'll certainly accept your offer. You've half converted me to your 'comic' blood. I think we shall all come to using that line; but I think it's going to be pretty difficult to keep our entries looking like English hounds; for though you've converted me to their working qualities, and, to a certain degree, to their lighter conformation, I think we must be very careful not to lose substance. After all, that is one of the outstanding attributes of the English Foxhound, and it's an attribute which is easily lost. I know one kennel—not so very far from my own—that will be producing whippets before the Master knows it, if he isn't very careful."

Evans was called away for a few moments, and when he left the room, Lincoln turned to West and said,—"You're a lucky man—to get the loan of that 'Baltimore' dog. I thought him much the best in the kennels; although he wouldn't suit everyone. He's an odd stick, George is.—He's been Master of the 'H. H.' for a great many years; and during that time the pack has undergone a complete change. I hunted with him once, and I thought that, at that time, I had never talked to a more conservative man, as regarded breeding. He wouldn't hear of the introduction of any blood which did not trace its origin to the most orthodox of the Fox Hound Kennel Stud Book fountain-heads, and yet—to hear him talk tonight, one realizes that his point of view has completely changed, and that he has become an ardent convert to the introduction of Welsh blood—or 'Ponto' blood, as he calls it—into his pack. Most of those hounds that he is showing tomorrow, you'll find, trace to Edward Curre's kennel, or the Tiverton, or some other pack that's got a touch of Welsh somewhere."

We got away the next morning about 9:00 o'clock. Aldershot is not far from Ropley, and the hounds had gone on an hour before; but Evans wanted to get down there in plenty of time to see that they were all straightened out before the Show, and we thought we might as well go along at the same time. The Aldershot Hound Show is held in conjunction with the Aldershot Horse Show, and is under the direct supervision of the Aldershot Command, whose officials attend to all details of its management. The Horse Show classes are held in the Rushmore Arena, which is admirably suited to the purpose, as its seating capacity—it was built for the great Aldershot Tattoo—is capable of accommodating many more people than ever visit it. The Hound Show, which is held on the grounds, just outside the Horse Show ring, is a little separate organization; the hounds being housed in pens similar to those at Peterborough, in a large tent, and the Show itself going on under canvas in a larger tent close by. Around the Ring are raised seats for spectators, which occupy two sides, and on a third side there are two rows of comfortable chairs for Masters and privileged spectators; the fourth side being reserved for Hunt servants. One finds no such gathering of Masters there as one sees at Peterborough, but those who do come are very keen—real hound men—to whom hunting is the breath of life; and when we came in that morning it was almost like a family gathering. There was Captain Wick-

ham-Boynton of the Middleton East and Captain Jaffray of the Brocklesby; Mr. David Horndon of the Stevenstone, Mr. Dalgety of the Southdown, Colonel Mangles of the Essex and Suffolk, old Mr. Heatley, the veteran Master of the Essex Union, and, of course, George Evans. Everybody seemed to know everyone else, and they were all free with their remarks as the various hounds came into the ring; and free, too, with their criticisms of the judging when they didn't happen to agree with it. The competing hounds were of quite a different class to those that we had seen two days before at Peterborough. Here were none of the old orthodox type, so prevalent at the end of the last century, and still in favour in some of the more fashionable countries, where size and bone were thought to be all important.

"Here at Aldershot," said George Evans, leaning back to speak to Lincoln, who was seated just behind him, "one sees the modern foxhound at its best. You'll see no such heavy-shouldered, lumbering brutes—like those Cheshire doghounds—that used to win at Peterborough a few years ago—do you remember that dog, 'Gayway'? No, of course you don't; I had forgotten that you were in America."

"I do," said West. "I remember him well, and I wondered at the time how they could give the Champion Cup to such a hound,—and there were a good many who agreed with me. 'That's a nice couple of yours, George,' he went on, as 'Dashwood' and 'Galloway' came into the ring, in the class for a couple of unentered doghounds. "I believe the Stevenstone couple is going to beat you, though; they're the better-matched pair of the two."

The competition had narrowed down to the two couples mentioned above. They were very close, and it was not until both lots had been taken off their leads and allowed to move unrestricted that the judges came to a decision, and handed the winning ribbon to Scott, the Hampshire Huntsman. Evans was delighted.

"Quality again," he said. "Mine were the better movers; that's the reason they won." And there was no gainsaying his statement; particularly when 'Dashwood', the better of the two, went on to win the coveted Champion Cup.

With the award of the Champion Cup, the judging of the doghounds ended, and we accepted Evans' invitation to lunch in the big Restaurant Tent nearby.

"Come into the Champagne Tent first. George, and we'll crack a bottle on honour of 'Dashwood's win,' said West. "That was a good win. Now, how is that dog bred?"

"Well, he goes back to the Tiverton 'Actor,' who brings in all the best of the old Berkeley blood, and that's as good as there was in England twenty-five years ago."

The bottle was promptly passed over the bar, the glasses filled, and we all drank to 'Dashwood' and his Master. As we were leaving the tent on our way to lunch, I saw Bob Westcott hurrying across the grounds toward us. I don't think he had been at the Show during the morning—anyway I hadn't noticed him—and he had a worried expression on his face.

"Do you know where Mr. Jack is, Sir?" he asked. "I've got a most important message for him."

"Yes, Bob, I do," I answered, "He and Mrs. Meredith are fishing in Wales; but I don't think he would like to be disturbed. What's the matter?"

"It's his uncle, Sir. He's dead. Him that was Master of the Northwold, where I used to be in the old days. He was found dead in his bed this morning. My nephew, who is his Huntsman, called me up at once. That's the reason I wasn't at the Show this morning, Sir."

"Good Lord," I said, "That is serious. Yes—I think perhaps I had better wire him. I'll see what Mr. Lincoln thinks." I turned to the others and explained the situation, and we all agreed that the best thing to do was to get in touch with Meredith. Lincoln, being an American, however, suggested calling him up on the telephone, and went off to a public telephone station to see if he could get through. Meanwhile I questioned Westcott. "You were up there last week, weren't you, Bob?" I said. "Did you see Sir Herbert then?"

"No, Sir, I didn't," he answered. "Will—that's my nephew, Sir—told me that he hadn't been well for the past month; that's the reason he couldn't come down for the wedding, Sir; but they didn't none of them think it was anything serious, and it come as an awful shock to all of them. They were very fond of the old Master."

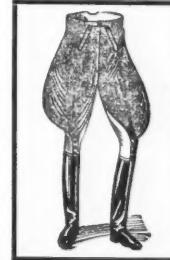
I turned to West. "Let's go and see what luck Lincoln has had," I said. "I'm more interested in that than in seeing the bitches judged. We'll see you later, Bob. You'll be at the Ringside, won't you? And we'll tell you what Mr. Meredith says." We turned away, and the old Hunt servant went off, shaking his head sadly. On our way to the telephone booth, I questioned West about Sir Herbert.

"I never knew him well," West answered. "I knew that Jack had hunted with him—he told me that years ago; but somehow I never guessed their connection. I think there was some trouble between the 'Old Squire'—as they always called him up there—and his sister, who ran away many years ago to marry Jack's father, Sir John Meredith. I believe they never spoke, and she died when Jack was a small boy. Sir Herbert was a bachelor and there's just a

chance that Jack might be his heir. But here comes Lincoln," he added. "I wonder if he got through."

"I got him," he said, "caught him and Alice just as they were going out. They're taking the night train down. I told him I'd meet them at Claridge's in the morning. Jack is terribly upset. He hadn't seen his uncle for years, you know; and he was deeply hurt when he didn't turn up at the wedding. I wonder,"—he added musingly.

"We're all wondering," I said. "I think we'd better go back to town. Somehow I've lost interest in the Show today. I'll go and tell old Bob."

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The Sporting Calendar

Horse Shows

DECEMBER
30-31—Schor Farms Riding Club Horse Show, White Plains, N. Y.

JANUARY
6—Ox Ridge Hunt Club Indoor Horse Show, Darien, Conn.
18-19-20—Pittsburgh Indoor Horse Show, Hunt Armory, Kittanning Road, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Hunter Trials

JANUARY
14—Barbara Worth Stables Hunter Trials, Second of a series of four, Sacramento, Calif.

MARCH
11—Barbara Worth Stables Hunter Trials, Third of a series of four, Sacramento, Calif.

MAY
8—Barbara Worth Stables Hunter Trials, Fourth of a series of four, Sacramento, Calif.

Thoroughbreds

Continued From Page One

tence submissively and signified their intention of conforming to it without whys or wherefores.

Under the circumstances there would seem to have been nothing else for them to do.

The war has been riding rough-shod over nearly everything now for three years past. Those who dislike—if they do not actually hate—racing have been agitating against it, pointing to its great prosperity in recent seasons, and asking why it too was not being made to suffer?.... Their desire is now being realized.

Gratification will reign in these quarters—together with the hope that its resumption will be long deferred and in the meanwhile the ruin of those identified with it may be accomplished.

At the time Mr. Byrnes issued his fiat, he also announced that all professional athletes would be drafted (if of draft age) and an inquirerei instituted regarding why they were not already in the armed forces.

It seems somewhat strange, however, that his order said nothing about the immediate closing of all base-ball parks, foot-ball fields, and the like.

If one object of the clouture—as has been asserted—is to prevent the public, including the war workers, from attending the races and thereby slowing down war production, it may be mentioned that base-ball, unlike racing, operates on Sundays as well as week-days and that the total attendance at the ball parks, the country over, is far larger than it is at the race tracks.

In so far as professional athletes are concerned, there is only one class of men connected with racing that could possibly be so classified.

That is the jockeys.

As is well known, those fit for army service have already been drafted. Those remaining in the saddle are the ones physically unfit or that are above draft age.

As is also well known, the great bulk of the employees of racing are men above the draft limit in age. This goes for all classes, from the highest to the lowest.

Superficially it would seem that the timing of the clouture, without warning, almost as it came, was to work a great hardship upon owners and trainers, as the bulk of them booked for winter campaigning have been caught far from home—in

California, Florida, and New Orleans.

Nothing will be ventured, in this department, at this time, as regards the breeding industry and the effect which the clouture will have upon it. That, however, is one of the gravest problems that ensues.

imposed task of trying to see some fox cubs come out and play) the blaze spread and when discovered was dangerously near the woods.

The alarm was spread throughout the countryside and the fight against the flames licking at those woods was something never to be forgotten by any of the fire fighters, water carriers, witnesses and especially a small boy called Frankie. But the battle was won and the woods and its foxes are still there.

The foregoing was occasioned by a story which Bob Becker, outdoor editor of the Chicago Tribune, wrote for his paper the other day about foxes in Illinois. It might be added that the Illinois Department of Conservation headed by Livingston Osborne is really what its name implies and is doing great work for the preservation of wild life in Illinois. Following is Bob Becker's article:

"Do foxes take a heavy toll of upland game in Illinois? This question has been argued for some time by sportsmen because the fox population has been at an all-time high in this state and still is way up.

In order to obtain as much accurate information as possible about the predatory habits of both gray and red foxes, Livingston Osborne, director of conservation, asked the Illinois natural history survey to assemble all available data on the food habits of these animals. Dr. Lee E. Yaeger, a member of the survey staff who collected the scientific material, told outdoor writers and conservationists at their recent meeting held in Lake Villa the following interesting facts about Old Reynard's behavior here in the middle west.

State Population Up

"In many sections of the state there probably is better than one fox per square mile, which is a high population for our farming country.

But despite this large fox population, there has been a decided upturn in the number of rabbits in southern counties, a fact which we noticed around Vandalia last week. Quail also have definitely increased despite the large numbers of foxes which seems to debunk the idea that reds and grays are taking a terrific toll of upland game.

"Another interesting scientific point is this: Wherever there is plenty of cover, such as weed thickets, briar patches, etc., Mr. Fox has a hard time getting either rabbits or quail, but poor cover means a better chance for a fox to take upland game. Tom Scott, watching foxes hunting rabbits in Iowa, reported that he saw four cottontails in good cover elude their attackers.

Rabbits Are Most Desired

"Every study of the food habits of foxes in the middle west (by means of examinations of stomach contents) shows that rabbits and mice are No. 1 and 2 in the percentage of food items taken by foxes. The game bird percentages ranged from as low as 8-10 of 1 per cent to 8.6 per cent.

"There isn't much doubt but what we have too many foxes in Illinois. On the evidence available, however, it looks as if they are not the game killers that sportsmen believe them to be, except in those areas where the cover is so thin that quail, pheasants and rabbits have little chance to hide from foxes."

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Buy WAR BONDS

Great Britain Notes

Continued from Page Nine

Glaistead Harrier men, but our mission on this occasion was to see stallions. We passed the ancient Danby Castle and were soon at Fryup Hall, where we learned that a Ministry of Agriculture official was hovering somewhere in the neighbourhood to pass a bull, which is to be of service to the herd of Ayrshires Miss R. Kitching has formed at Fryup Hall. Grand milkers these Ayrshires, and well they seem to do on the bleak hillsides of North Yorks.

We soon had Farnley Exchange out, and found a lot about him to like. The photograph which had preceded him did not flatter his hind legs, but we could see nothing to fault in them. The horse has a beautiful top, excellent feet, a great depth through the heart, stands near to the ground, is about 16 hands 1 in. high, has over 9 inch of bone below the knee (and what bone!) and more than 11 inches below the hock. He has a nice outlook, might have had a little more length of rein, but is a stocky animal of the old-fashioned type, not such a dark bay as some stallions—we'd have liked him better if he'd been a bit lighter in colour. We were very pleasantly impressed with him, and feel more than ever convinced it was a wise move to import him, and that Mr. Mackay Smith's gift will have a very desirable influence on the breed in England.

Cost Of Shipping From U. S. A.

I was also much struck with Miss R. Kitching's 2-year-old stallion, Aerobic, by her sister's good horse Kingmaker, and out of Airmail. As an individual I should imagine this colt will grow up even a better sire than Kingmaker or Farnley Exchange. He has as much bone now as the horses mentioned. I am sure he will grow into a very valuable horse, and that he will be snapped up by the Americans so soon as shipping becomes possible again on reasonable terms.

As you may know it cost the Cleveland Bay Horse Society over £226 to import Farnley Exchange by a Cunard liner, although Mr. E. E. Coussell, of the British Bloodstock Agency, tells me they have been sending valuable Thoroughbred stallions over to the States this season at a cost (the highest) of £110. That, on top of purchase, makes a horse a big price by the time he arrives at his destination. We know that the U. S. A. wants Cleveland Bays, as does every country in the world, and it only needs a reduction of shipping rates (and of restrictions!), for the trade to open. One thing which foreign (and other) buyers will have to remember is that if owners appear to ask fancy prices, those who have kept horses—especially stallions—for three or four years at present day cost, are not going to be much into pocket when they sell.

Not Acting Master

The caption under the picture of the Essex Fox Hounds incorrectly stated that R. V. N. Gambrill was Acting Master during the absence of Lt. Anderson Fowler. Mr. Gambrill is the Hunt Secretary. The hunt is run by a hunt committee consisting of Mrs. Charles Scribner, Edward W. Clucas and Mr. Gambrill.

The Pennsylvania Horseman

By J. Robert McCullough

This is being written on Christmas day, the greatest feast in all Christendom. Despite the natural depression of a war torn world and the absence of loved ones fighting, there is here a gay holiday spirit reminiscent of other days. Nevertheless we cannot shake loose a dismal cloud that was timed beautifully for Christmas eve which affects countless thousands of livelihoods and was no doubt calculated to add to their Merry Christmas. The Hon. James F. Byrnes has requested (accompanied by an 'Or else') that all race tracks in the country close their gates not later than January 3, 1945 and to refrain from resuming racing until war conditions permit. The reason given.

"The existing war situation demands the utmost effort that the people of the United States can give to the support of its armed forces in the production of needed war materials. The operation of race tracks is not conducive to this all out effort."

This statement is further expanded into an explanation that the tracks employ manpower that is sorely needed in the nation's war industries. Now let it be clearly understood that no horseman is so foolish (ignoring patriotism for the moment) as to persist in his business at the expense of America's future, but at the same time it is his American prerogative to rear up and sound off when he thinks he is being pushed around.

It is estimated that the regular race track and breeding farm employees number some 40,000. This, however, does not include those who are indirectly dependent upon the sport for their jobs. Veterinarians, blacksmiths, saddlemakers, racing publications (not tout sheets), etc. Most of these people have no other skill or trade that would be worth a tinker's dam to the war effort nor can they afford to subsist upon the paltry wages they could demand as unskilled help. We would also venture that the majority would also be of very limited value as unskilled help as they are either too old or too young or are physically unfit for anything but what they are doing. Already those who are capable have left the game to serve with distinction.

Barbara Worth Trials

Continued from Page One

still green **Bombshell** 5th with 17 points. Anything can happen as the season progresses with such closely contested scores as these.

The handsome Barbara Worth Stables Perpetual Horsemanship Trophy, awarded on points accumulated for the year, saw Betty-Jean Lassen the champion for 1944 with Patty Lassen reserve champion.

The first class of the day was hands and seat over jumps, 12 years and under. This class saw the debut of our youngsters in open competition at these trials, and was really worth watching. All of the children started their jumping lessons last July, and their progress has been truly amazing. Johanna Repose, who has had the advantage of horse-show experience during the year, was an easy and beautiful 1st over

genuine merit in the armed forces or in the war plants. If there are still those few who fail to recognize their duties as Americans, why cannot those few be weeded out instead of persecuting the whole sport.

By this new Washington directive, 17 of the 48 states are deprived of \$56,000,000 annual income. War charities will be deprived of another 16,000,000 sorely needed dollars. 80 legitimate businesses (the tracks) will be forced out of business, many of which will be forced into bankruptcy to become just a memory in American racing records. Countless thousands of horses will have to be destroyed since other fields of sport or the breeding paddocks cannot possibly absorb them. The breeding and the improvement of the breed of Thoroughbreds will be given a staggering blow which will be felt all along the line since the Thoroughbred has been the greatest influence in the improvement of practically all other light horse breeds. Only those sporting gentlemen of great wealth will be able to maintain only the mightiest of the mighty as a nucleus of breeding when and if we are permitted to return to normalcy.

This is all the more discouraging when it is considered that England, who admittedly missed obliteration by but a few days, has managed to carry on both racing and breeding with not only the blessing but the aid of the government. France through all her horrible trials of conquest and occupation managed even under the Nazi heel to carry on her race meetings with some semblance of regularity. The criminal perpetrator herself, Nazi Germany, has, in the face of imminent defeat, endeavored to fortify her own blood strains by confiscating the best blood horses of France, yet we in America are told that we are in a better position to fight the war if we dispense with such folderol. If our stupidity may be pardoned; we don't get it! However, despite all of this lopsided evidence, it is certain that if this restriction is carried equally to all sports, and most of them employ a more usable type of manpower, Thoroughbred men will cooperate to the fullest, the sooner to put racing back where it belongs in the hearts of 18,000,000 red blooded Americans.

Jed Boscoe. Nina Warren was 3rd, Barbara Mull 4th, and Bobby Warren 5th.

Hands and seat over jumps, 13-18, saw Norma Burton in 1st place, with Nancy Diggs 2nd, Pat Klein 3rd, Betty-Jean Lassen 4th, and Patty Lassen 5th.

Johanna Repose's **Little Cap** was 1st in green working hunters, with Dorothy William's **Shenanigan** 2nd, Ralph Taylor's **Edgewood** 3rd, Deane Burton's **Idiot's Delight** 4th, and Virginia Grant's **Chere Amie** 5th.

Working hunters went to **Idiot's Delight** with a truly splendid go, with Eva Taverna's **Wikid Storm** 2nd. Johanna Repose's **Little Cap** was 3rd over Norma Burton's **La Zova Moon** and Ann McCoy's **Ceiling Zero**.

Working hunter pairs cross country, always a popular class, was nicely won by **Edgewood** and **Windsor**, an almost perfectly matched pair, both in style and appearance.

In 2nd place were **Wikid Storm** and **La Zova Moon**, with a very smooth go. Eva Gene Dauger's **Sandy George** and Mickey McLaughlin's **Bombshell** were 3rd over Hazel Binder's **Murphy** and Patty Lassen's **Hut Sut**. Nina Warren riding Roland Federer's **News Flash** with Jed Boscoe's **Margaff** were 5th.

Conformation hunters was truly spectacular, with as fine a group of horses as one could hope to see at any show. **Edgewood** won the final decision, with a faultless go over **Windsor**, **Sandy George** 3rd, Virginia Grant's **Chere Amie** 4th, and Nancy Teichert's **Charing Cross** 5th.

A distinct novelty was the model hunters class, which was judged entirely on the showmanship exhibited, rather than on the horse itself. Barbara Zimmerman is constantly on the alert for ideas which may help the riders under her tutelage to properly show their horses, and it occurred to her that very few people, outside of veteran riders, are able to adequately show a horse in hand. Hence this class, to teach the youngsters just how it should be done. Pat Klein, showing her **Wedding Cake**, took the blue in this event, with Mickey McLaughlin and **Bombshell** in 2nd place. Dorothea Herman, with **Don't Storm** was 3rd over Norma Burton and **La Zova Moon**, with George Richards and **Malarkey** 5th.

Working hunt teams was, as always, the highlight of the show. Once again Barbara dreamed up one of her spectacular courses, with the horses pairing up, joining into threes, and again separating into singles along the way. Always the favorite with the audience, this year's teams probably outshone any that have ever been run, with plenty of good performances turned in. Olive Crossen's **Marksman**, Jeanne Cannon's **Sir Frederick**, and Deane Burton's **Idiot's Delight** were just about as perfect as a team could be, to win an easy 1st. **Windsor**, **Edgewood**, and Agnes Bleth's **G. I.** were 2nd. **Ceiling Zero**, **Chere Amie**, and Johanna Repose's **Sir Granville** were a well-matched 3rd, over Patty Lassen's **Briarmint**, Jane Lovett's **Our Gus**, and **Little Cap**. **Bombshell**, **Sandy George**, and **Lanzar** were 5th.

Green hunters graduated **Bombshell** from the green ranks in his first show, quite a feat for a horse which has only been jumping a matter of a couple of months, and quite a compliment to his owner, Mickey McLaughlin, who has had the job of training him. **La Zova Moon** was in 2nd place, over **News Flash**, **Charing Cross**, and **Margaff**.

Children's working hunters saw a very nice victory for young Nancy Teichert, one of the younger youngsters, riding **Charing Cross**. Nina Warren and **News Flash** were 2nd, Betty-Jean Lassen and **Windsor** 3rd, Johanna Repose and **Little Cap** 4th, and **Sabik** and Adrianna Hale 5th.

The last class of the day, and always an enjoyable one, was hunter hack pairs, which was beautifully won by **La Zova Moon** and **Wikid Storm**, over **Bombshell** and **Sandy George**. In 3rd place were **Windsor** and **Edgewood**, with **Chere Amie** and **Sir Granville** 4th, and **Little Cap** and **Our Gus** 5th.

The show was very well judged by LeRoy Miller of Sacramento, and was, of course, under the very capable management of Barbara Zimmerman. The next of this series will be held on January 14, weather permitting, and once again riders are

carefully hoarding their points towards that Season's Championship in May. A very good thing, these trials, giving, as they do, the chance for the youngsters to gain show experience during the off season, and giving the more experienced riders a few extra shows during the time of year when things are dull.

Irish Horse Notes

Continued from Page Four

him down until he was good and sober. Then as a final gesture the spirit horse, full of devilment to the last, would drop his rider two hundred feet into a pool to cool his heels as it were.

There is a beautiful cascade a few miles south of Dublin called Poolaphuca, or the pool of the spirit horse. Any huntsman who has had the misfortune to be dumped here by this phantom animal will tell you that "tis a devil of an experience entirely for a mere mortal to go through." There are many Gaelic place names in Ireland called after the horse such as Hunting Hill, Fox-hounds, Glen of the Chase, Horse-leap, Horse and Jockey, Hill of the horse, Glen of the horse, etc., etc.

Some of the oldest foxhunting packs in Ireland are the Duahallow hounds inaugurated in 1745, Cork in 1780, Carlow in 1808, Louth in 1820, Galway in 1840, Meath in 1852, Westmeath in 1854, Waterford hounds prior to 1870 and so on. The Ward Union staghounds had as a patroness a former Empress of Austria.

Today, as of yore, the horn of the hunter is heard over the Irish hills, and echoes through the valleys and the glens. The bay of the hounds, the halloos and the harkaways of the huntsman, the mellow tones of the hunting-horn are sweet music to the ears of the country folk, as the chase sweeps over the broad green fields of Limerick, and on through the verdant pastures of the Golden Vale of Tipperary.

Atlanta Trials

Continued from Page One

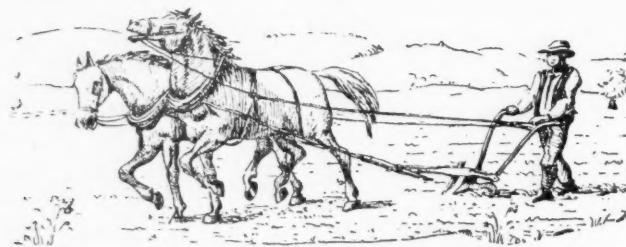
and **Camille**, 2nd place to Dr. and Mrs. Urton Munn riding a well-matched pair of big browns, **Wisdom** and **Blazing Memory**. Third was taken by Mr. and Mrs. Dewey Ellis on **Joe Lacey** and **Reliance**, and 4th went to Mr. and Mrs. P. D. Christian Jr., riding **Dettabroom** and **Patricia**.

The open hunter class was a large class with almost every horse making an excellent performance. **Camille**, with Jessie Caylor up, and **Dawn** with Dr. Munn riding were called back in for an extra round before the final nod went to **Camille** with **Dawn** in for the red. Sam Slicer rode his **Vanity** to 3rd place, 4th going to **Radar** with Jessie Caylor up.

There were many more spectators than had been expected; and all the owners of hunters around Atlanta cooperated in a fine way to put on a show that seemed to please everyone.

An excellent job of judging was done by Commander Duncan Read, of the Atlanta Naval Air Station. This was no easy task, either; as there were no refusals nor run-outs at any of the eight jumps in each class; and there were only three knockdowns during the afternoon. Every exhibitor agreed that Commander Read had a fine eye for pace, form, and conformation in tying the classes.

FARMING in WAR TIME



New Equipment Is Expected For Home

With the new year just around the corner and the womenfolks looking to the future for most things bright and cheerful around the house, here's some information about post war clothes driers and home freezers of interest to the homemaker.

Household equipment specialists say we can expect clothes driers on the market at war's end, although present models do have some deficiencies. It's expected the faults will be ironed out, however, and the machine sold at about the price of an electric washer.

With its use the washing and ironing can be gotten out of the way in one day, without the use of an outdoor line. Mechanically, the device will consist of a cylinder for tumbling the clothes in a stream of hot air which will be heated by gas or electricity and forced around by a small fan. All will be housed in a neat cabinet.

As for the home freezer, it appears that you can let your enthusiasm run high for this facility. To do freezing at home, you will need one home freezer consisting of a refrigerated cabinet capable of freezing and storing food at a temperature of zero degrees or lower. It will be available in about three different sizes to suit any family needs and cost from \$150 to \$300. Farmers, by the way, may get super sizes running as high as \$600.

How home freezers will fit in with the use of local freezer locker plants will have to be decided by each family but it seems that many families will need both.

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Any individual not in the armed services, regardless of whether married or single, whose "gross income" was \$500 or more during the 1944 tax year must file an income tax return.

Poultrymen Need To Cull Heavily

Getting Virginia poultry raisers to dispose of about three million birds from their laying flocks between now and the first of March is going to call for plenty of culling.

Poultry husbandmen for the Virginia Agricultural Extension Service think it probably can be done, however, by selling all non-layers now, and getting rid of birds as they stop laying later on. Even the birds that may start laying later should be culled now. When they do start laying, the price of eggs will be down. The best birds, after all, are the ones that are laying now.

Whether selling all the non-layers will dispose of as many birds as War Food Administration goals ask for, poultrymen do not know. They believe that strict culling of the poor layers ought to bring about the reduction.

According to the best figures available, there will be about 9,900,000 chickens on Virginia farms the first of January. State chicken and egg goals call for having not more than 6,900,000 in the flocks the first of March.

Many states are being asked to sell even a higher percentage of birds than Virginia. Our poultry raisers did not expand as rapidly as those in other states early in the war. If poultrymen in all states of this area fail to sell heavily between now and March, government officials predict an egg situation similar to that of last spring when egg prices in some sections of Virginia were as low as 20 cents a dozen.

If flocks aren't culled a great deal this year, prices may go even lower than they were last spring.

— 0 —

An animal may be well-bred but grow like a scrub if it is not also well-fed.

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Freshening In Fall Is Profitable In Dairying

The natural time for cows to freshen may be in the spring but the progressive dairyman will breed dairy cows to freshen at periods of greatest market demands and highest prices—and that means the fall and winter months.

When cows freshen in the spring it is easier to maintain the herd. Milk and milk products, however, are needed the year round by the farm family and the consuming public. And studies show that fall and winter freshened cows produce more milk, test higher and produce more total butterfat in a year than do cows that drop their calves in spring and summer.

Here are some of the advantages to fall and winter freshening:

1. Cows that freshen in the fall naturally milk well during the first part of their lactation period. When they're turned to pasture in the spring, they get the advantage of this milk-producing stimulus about the middle of their lactation period. When the short grass, hot weather, and flies affect them most in the latter part of summer, they are near the end of the period.

2. In the fall and winter, a dairyman usually has more time to give to his cows.

3. The fall calf is ready to go on early pasture in the spring. The spring calf gets very little benefit of pasture the first summer.

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**Commander Ohanneson
Performs Dramatic
Operation At Sea**

By Selma Piazzl

Commander John Ohanneson, former prominent physician and surgeon of Alameda, (California), now serving in the Navy, and who still maintains his string of horses at his summer home in the hills back of Leona Stables, Oakland, recently completed a dramatic medical performance, a major operation at sea, aboard a ship in line of enemy submarine fire.

Doctor John, who is senior medical

officer aboard his ship, received the praise and commendation of his fellow officers and the enlisted men for his performance of the operation aboard a ship that was not only being tossed by heavy waves of stormy sea, but at the same time dropping vibrating depth charges on an enemy submarine. Since the stricken man was not on board the doctor's ship, Commander Ohanneson was transported from his own ship by means of a wicker basket which slid along a manila rope to the ship close by with the sick man on board.

Dr. Ohanneson thought the most thrilling moments of the whole incident was the ride from one ship to the other. "Ever since I was just a cowpuncher in leather knee-pants," he said, "I've been wanting to ride across the sea from ship to ship in one of those breeches buoys. It was a thrill—the nearest to a bucking horse since I left home!"

By this fall, about 4,500 World War II Veterans had applied for Farm Security loans from the U. S. Department of Agriculture, to start farming.

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Beagles



Bethel Lake

Saturday, December 16. Cloudy, overcast, South wind, temperature 40 degrees. 8 couple hounds met at 3 P. M. The ground was thawing slightly but only on top. We decided to look for the hare we left in Kincaids last week and took the hounds there in the van. Scent was very poor as usual in a high south wind. We cast south through W. Kincaids apple orchard, then east and south over his clover fields and then north over cover crop to Dilksboro Road. We crossed this and went north through J. Kincaids young peach orchard and over his asparagus fields, then west to Griers alfalfa field and south back to Kincaids old peach orchard.

Here a hare was put up and taken south through the young peach orchard to the Dilksboro Road and then it skirted W. Kincaids apple orchard. Hounds checked south of the apple orchard. Scent had been poor and we had picked our way and helped the hounds by following the very plain tracks in the thawing sand. We could not put up the hare again and returned to the kennels at 5 P. M.

Sunday, December 17. Clear. Cool, S. W. wind, temperature 35 degrees. 8 couple hounds met at 3:30 P. M. We were anxious to know whether the gunners had depleted our hare and took the pack in the van to the open country east of the Delsea Drive.

We cast east over Thies hill and over a large field grown over in grass and low briers. The pack established a line gave tongue and cast east, when a hare got up behind them. It ran west and disappeared over the hill. When we got to this point we were informed by our field that the hare had continued west. However, another hare jumped up and was taken north over the hill into a valley below. The pack went on in full cry and lost at the bottom of the valley. Plodder picked up the line and ran it north on a woods road and then abruptly turned west through a swamp. The pack and I followed and established the line and crossed two creeks and the swamp to emerge in a great open basin. The hounds carried across the basin and up to the run and checked on the Cross Keys road between Petersons and Nicholsons. Plodder was working in a large alfalfa field south of the cemetery and the pack joined him but kept drifting off, so on a hunch I cast them further south across the Delsea Drive and into W. Kincaids. We failed to find and after we had gone about a mile I turned back and cast north.

In J. Kincaids young peach orchard Mischief gave tongue and carried a fresh track through the orchard to a loss. We cast north to the asparagus field along the mill road where the hare was put up and tak-

en south to W. Kincaids past the apple orchard and then back north through the orchard to the Dilksboro Road across it and north again to the asparagus where the hare was put up once more.

This was all a rather tedious process as scent was mediocre and all of us did a lot of searching for tracks. However, when the hare got up this time we had a diversion. A young fellow had accompanied us, riding an English race horse and had evidently tired of our slow progress as he now followed the hare at top speed, and about ten yards behind, south to W. Kincaids orchard. Here the trees were too close for such break neck pursuit.

The pack thoroughly astonished were gradually collected and taken to the apple orchard where they picked up the line and took it all through the orchard until several hounds coming from opposite directions came upon the hare and took it east to the Delsea Drive and then south along the Drive.

The staff was exhausted but our mounted friend came to the rescue and halted hounds in the small settlement of East Pitman where they were running over the Delsea Drive, people's front yards, chicken houses, etc. We started back on the long hike to the van, but Mr. Isaac Worrell drove upon it, and we loaded up at 5:35 P. M.

EGLINTON HUNT
Toronto.
(P. O. York Mills).
Ontario.
Canada.
Established 1929.
Recognized 1934.



By Pelham

One of the most enjoyable afternoons ever spent by me was that of Saturday, December 9th, which my husband and I spent riding with the Eglinton Hunt at Toronto. This was my first experience at following hounds and so was a great thrill to me; however, I can readily believe that one would be just as much thrilled no matter how old the sport was to him.

We had the usual experience in getting to the Hunt that so many of us have in getting to a horse show. Everything went wrong! I recall an article which appeared in The Chronicle a few months ago based on the experiences of the author, in getting to shows and what trouble there was. I had thought up until then that we were the only ones who seemed to get all in a muddle, but after reading that I felt much better. Misery loves company!

Our plans for the day with the hounds ran this way: Wait until 9:30 when we would receive a phone call in case the hunt was not held as the winter weather has set in and we being about 85 miles from the meeting place, would not want to van our horses over to find no hunt. Promptly at 9:30 if no call came we would load up and leave, probably arriving around noon when we were to have lunch with Mr. and Mrs. Charles Morris; then on to the hunt which meets at 2:30.

But Fate took a hand in things. About 9 a. m. a friend dropped in and assured us it was "a pretty cold day for a hunt", and didn't leave until after 10. Then by the time we got horses loaded, gas tank filled and tires checked (which should have been done the day before) it was after eleven. Just this side of Toronto we took a short cut to reach Morris' Glen Mawr Farm which is north of Toronto; but it proved a long way around as we missed our

turn and almost got lost. We arrived it was 2 p. m., too late to partake of the wonderful meal which was waiting for us—and were we hungry! Almost too late for the hunt! However, we were well looked after. We gave the horses a few minutes breath after unloading and then saddled up to hack over to the meet which was about a mile away. Meanwhile Mrs. Morris had made us some sandwiches and a thermos of tea and Charlie chased us down the road with it, insisting that we stop and down it while he went ahead and told the Hunt we were coming, to wait for us. And so we got there in time, thanks to the Morris' and to the Hunt for waiting for us.

The name of Charlie Morris will undoubtedly be well known to the older readers of The Chronicle and in case the younger ones do not find the name as familiar, I would like to say that he was known in the U. S. when acting as first whipper-in and kennel huntsman, while with A. Henry Higginson in Massachusetts, from 1911 until 1919, when he came to Toronto, Canada, as Huntsman with the Toronto Hunt. Upon borrowing a couple of books from him on horses, hounds and hunting which seem to be very scarce, I noticed this on the fly-leaf of one of the books which had been given to him by the author, Frank Proctor: "To Charles Morris. The most enthusiastic and fearless of huntsmen I have known," and was signed by the author. I think that this speaks for itself so I need write no more of the high esteem in which Mr. Morris is held in the horse world.

Now back to the hunt. I'll admit I was a bit nervous to start, as I was on a green colt and green at the game myself, but once over the first fence I felt quite at home, although I did commit an unpardonable sin before the afternoon was out, by running into the huntsman hard enough to knock an ordinary man off his horse. We were taking a fence and just as I was about to take off, I noticed that the top rail which had been knocked off by the horse ahead, bared a brand new strand of nasty barbed wire. As we jumped it I turned my head to call "wire" to those behind and by the time I had faced around again I was in the act of boosting the huntsman's horse in the rear, as he had suddenly pulled up. But the Eglinton Hunt is made up of good sports. Before I could say "I'm sorry", the huntsman, Mr. Elder, who must have seen the peculiar expression of embarrassment on my face said: "That's all right. That's not bad." And he was off. I immediately checked my horse so as to let that respectful distance come between us when he, I'm sure to make me at ease again, looked around at me and with a wave of his arm yelled: "Well, come on. Let's go!" Well, that was the last bad episode of the day, if you don't count traffic lights all being against us on our way home.

I will not go into detail on the hunt itself, as I'm sure Broadview will be writing it up and anyway I am not familiar with the ground we covered. In fact if I had been left behind I would have been thoroughly lost. One thing I might say though: the country was lovely; some of it open, flat country and other with bush, hill, valleys and streams some of which were quite wide. The one regret I have is that we were unable to attend the meets earlier in the season when the trees were in full autumn color. It must have been beautiful. It is certainly a grand sport and the Eglinton Hunt must be congratulated on keeping it alive during war time, which must be very

hard to do.

This brings to mind a bit of verse which I read in another book lent us by Charlie Morris. A book by A. Henry Higginson, entitled "Try Back", which contained this poem which was written by M. V. Wynter, during the last war. It runs:

*There's a Vale for which I'm sighing,
I can see its fences still.
And my thoughts go backward flying
With the pack to Golden Hill.
I can hear that welcome "holloa;
"G-o-n-e away—He's broke at last"
Hear the thundering hoofs that follow
As I ride into the past.*

Memories, bitter sweet come thronging

*As I pace the prison ground
And my heart is sick with longing
For a sight of horse and hound.
But however drear the days be,
Fair or foul, or rain or shine
Not the Fates themselves can rob me
Of those Hunts which once were mine.*

*Pause a moment, oh my brothers
Who at home so glibly prate
How you hope to see Foxhunting
Soon abolished by the State.
We have fought for you, and gladly
Will you now requite us thus?
Kill the sport we love so madly?
Think what hunting means to us.*

*For the sake of those who're absent
For the sake of those who're gone
All these gallant cherry comrades
Who once rallied to the horn;
For the youngster, true to breeding,
Longing now the game to learn—
Hear us soldier exiles pleading
Keep it going till we return.*

M. V. WYNTER.

The last hunt scheduled for December 2nd had to be called off because of snow and frost, but it rained the following week and by Saturday we decided to hunt again. There was frost the previous night, but Saturday morning seemed very encouraging and Sid Albot, the kennel man, laid a drag. A fairly short run was planned as we were not sure what difficulties might arise. As it turned out the footing was excellent and scenting conditions good in spite of a strong wind. Only a small field came out which was quite understandable and ten of our regular followers were waiting at the kennels at 2:30.

Hearing that our friends, the Rungelings from Welland were on their way, we waited for about fifteen minutes and as they rode up they were joined by Mr. Jack Crashley who used to be a regular follower some years ago.

We threw in just east of the kennels and ran up through Mr. Bain's valley where we encountered about a foot of ice on either bank of the river, the only ice all day. Even the shaded valleys were free of it though melting drifts against chicken coops made horses suspicious.

We found the plow very heavy up through Laidlaw's and Darlington's, but the drag had been laid very sparsely here which slowed hounds back to us. We crossed the Lancing Highway and ran north through Henry's Muirheads, the back of Hill's and Mr. O. D. Robinson's, crossed Finches and swung around Easton's bush to go west over the third concession and turned south through Springer's, McKee's and Davis' to cross Lancing again into Deuby's and finished at Dr. R. K. Hodgeson's just opposite the kennels. Mr. Robert Elder acted as master for the day.—Broadview.

In The Country:-



Resigns

After 10 years as chairman of the New York State Racing Commission, Herbert Bayard Swope has resigned. Mr. Swope stated that his resignation was due to the fact that other duties did not allow his continuing as chairman. His present 6-year-term would have expired May 1, 1947.

Xmas Eve Wedding

Charles W. Anderson, well known writer and illustrator, and Madeleine Hartwell, daughter of Mrs. Herbert Cabot Hartwell, were married Christmas Eve at Mason, New Hampshire. Mr. Anderson has written many interesting books on horses and each book is beautifully illustrated throughout. His latest book is 'Heads Up, Heels Down'.

Banquet

The annual New England Horsemen Banquet and presentation of the 1944 New England championships will be held at the Hotel Kimball ballroom in Springfield, Massachusetts Saturday evening, January 27. Reservations for tickets and hotel rooms must be in early before January 15. Make checks payable to David W. Roberts, chairman, and mail to Miss Marilyn Carlson, secretary, 24 Nelson Place, West Springfield, Massachusetts. The Round-Up is at 6:30 p. m., with dinner at 7 p. m. The subscription is \$3.50, tax included.

Headed Home

Capt. Gerald B. Webb, Jr., former Editor of The Chronicle, writes that he hopes to be back in Virginia after the first of the year. Gerry has been stationed in China and India and has been overseas two years this past November. What a surprise is in store for him when he finds **Big Charley** and **Easy Mark** so lazy and fat that it is very doubtful if they could carry their rider in the field.

Visiting In Virginia

Visiting the Oliver Iselins over the holidays are Mrs. Iselin's mother, Mrs. Henry Graham of Pittsburgh, and her sister and brother-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Dilworth and their young daughter, Bettina. The other daughter of the Dilworth's, Louise, is overseas. Barbara also is home with her family.

Grounded

With the heavy fall of sleet on

Wednesday, fox hunters in this section of Virginia are grounded for awhile. Whether the footing will be all right for a New Year's Day meet is an open question at this point.

Owners Of Never Die Farm Busily Engaged Perpetuating Arabians

By Celeste Hutton

Recently I had the pleasure of visiting "Never Die" Farm, Sykesville, Maryland, the home of Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Asmis and four-year-old daughter, Helene. Here on their three hundred acre farm, the Asmis are very busy perpetuating the Arabian Horse. They have three stallions, six mares and three fillies. This seems like a small number of horses for a breeding farm, but it is one of the few in the East, there being only about fifteen hundred living registered Arabians in the United States and Canada.

Mrs. Asmis' interest in Arabian dates back to her stay in India, where she saw them raced, used for pig sticking, and being ridden by Maharajahs. Her love for the small war horse grew until she was determined to own one.

Mr. Asmis is from Europe. The Arabian is better known on the continent than here, the Arab and Barb being used for outcrosses on other breeds, as well as for mounts.

About ten years ago, Mr. and Mrs. Asmis set out to buy breeding stock. Taking time to work pedigrees and blood lines out. All of their horses are traced four generations back in the desert of Arabia. They have such horses as **Mirage** and **Skowronek** in their pedigrees. **Mirage** was ridden in the first Armistice in London by King Fasul of Iraq. **Skowronek**, during the last war, was smuggled from Poland to Russia and finally to England, where he headed the Crabbitt Stud until his death. It was like hearing the Arabian Nights; each horse having romantic histories, cropping up here and there in World Events.

The Arabian is noted for its beauty, intelligence, courage, and endurance. Bred and reared in close contact with man from the earliest records, and existing in mutual interdependence, he developed a keen brain by such close human association. His intelligence has been celebrated in a thousand anecdotes. He is gentle, affectionate and familiar to the point of being troublesome. The Arabian gentleness and tractability, while originally the effect of education, is now inherited. The Arabian is also celebrated for his soundness, courage, endurance and ability to withstand hardships. It is reason sufficient to show that the life and welfare of his Arab owner, who constantly engaged in a form of quick mounted foray upon his neighbors, was often dependent upon these qualities in his horse. It is also the natural result of a good original stock maintained in its purity by intensive breeding in a favorable environment.

As a racer he has shown no mean ability in India. Imported to England, he became the progenitor of the English Thoroughbred and pure blooded Arabians have always re-

mained registerable in Wheatherby's. In Russia his blood contributed largely to make the Orloff trotter; in France to make the Percheron; in America to make the Morgan and through the English Thoroughbred, to make the Hackney, the Trotter and the American or Kentucky saddle horse. He has won practically all the long distance and endurance racing of the world. His blood has been used by European army officers continually in various crosses to breed the best cavalry mounts. In him are all the qualities of the desirable horse and while excellence in individual accomplishments, such as running, trotting, or saddle action, may enable certain breeds to excel the parent stock in their specialty, no other blood has the power of transmitting so many or all of these qualities to its offspring, and to create individuals possessing what is known as general utility. His blood is propotent and plastic to a remarkable degree, dominating all the breeds to which it is introduced.

I saw a good example of the above mentioned gentleness, when Helene went into the stall of their eight year-old breeding stallion; picked up his feet, crawled under him, and then led him out on a halter. Mr. Asmis put him on a lunge. **Rafmirz** then walked, trotted, and cantered on command; while other horses looked over the pasture fence only a few yards away. This beautiful blood bay stallion stands fifteen one, and weighs about a thousand pounds. He has a very commanding appearance and typical Arabian personality. Under tack, he showed the same good manners and docility; but he was, as the saying goes "all horse". He looked then, and I bet he felt, like sixteen hands; parading all the while like a peacock. Mr. Asmis has bred him to a few Thoroughbreds and Half-breds this past season. The results of one of these crosses from last year is exceedingly promising.

The second stallion, **Rafmirz**, is

a beautiful iron grey, with light mane and tail; of the small antique type. The perfect picture horse. Mr. Asmis had this horse bred to order; picking the sire and dam, which promised to be an ideal combination for the bay horse's daughters. I saw **Rafmirz**'s first two foals, and both are outstanding youngsters. They are already shipped now, one to Texas and the other to Pennsylvania.

The third stallion, although not matured as yet, shows promise of being a good combination of the two above types, standing fifteen hands now, and yet retaining the classic look. In his veins flows the blood of inter-national grand champions.

After seeing the stallions, we then went in the meadow to look at the mares and foals. They all came running at their master's whistle; with heads and tails high, like a cavalcade. Once within reach, they proved to be just as interested in us, and docile as could be imagined of anything that kicks at butterflies, and runs like the wind.

My attention was drawn to the lack of young stock; the answer was that the foals were shipped when weaned. Orders have already started coming in for the 1945 crop.

By then, time had galloped away, so I had to depart without seeing much of the farm and the other registered stock.

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Classified Ads

FOR SALE

FOR SALE—Pair of conformation hunters, Thoroughbreds, chestnut 7-year-olds, sound, quiet, have been hunted and shown with success. **Mrs. J. Wesley Edel, Ellicott City, Md.** Phone 393. 12-15 3t ch

FOR SALE—Very quiet brown mare, 15 hands, up to 200 lbs. Good hack and hunter. Priced reasonably. Top show horse, 5-year-old, registered chestnut gelding. **Turner Wiltshire, Middleburg, Va.** 12-15 4t ch

FOR SALE—Gentle attractive black and white pony, age six; ridden three years by boy now eight; took first prize in driving class this fall in Warrenton Pony Show. Price \$250. **George Sloane, Warrenton, Va.** 12-15 3t ch

FOR SALE—Nice 4-year-old gelding, 16.1 hands, by **Black Jacket**. Unblemished. Half-brother to Crompton Smith's **Mowgli**. Reasonably priced. Also nice child's pony, 8 years old. **R. M. Menehee, Sperryville, Va.** Phone 587. 1t ch

FOR SALE—Young 7-8 bred bay mare, drives and jumps beautifully. Quiet enough for any child. Priced reasonably for immediate sale. **Write or phone Sally Roszel, Markham, Va.** Telephone Marshall 5619. 12-22-2t-c

FOR SALE—One Thoroughbred hunter, 8 years, 16.3, 1,300 lbs., bay, 3 seasons; one chestnut 7-8-bred, 6 years, 16 hands, 1,200 lbs., 2 seasons hunting. Both quiet and well mannered and safe for lady. **T. S. Yeager, R. D. 4, York, Pennsylvania.** 1t ch

FOR SALE—Thoroughbred hunter by **Crack Brigade**. 7-year-olds, 17 hands. Has hunted with Green Spring Hunt for several years. Excellent prospect for brush or timber races. Guaranteed sound, quiet and a good jumper. **Thornton Farm, Riderwood, Md.** Phone evenings Towson 1319. 12-22-2t-c

FOR SALE—Great Star, b. m., 1938, by **Chance Play—Starry**, by ***Stefan the Great**; ch. f., 1943, by **Kahuha—Great Star**, by **Chance Play**; **Reigh Star**, b. g., 1940, by **Ned Reigh—Starry**. A winner. Priced to sell. **Rocky Ridge Farm, Reisterstown, Md.** 12-15-4t-c

WANTED

WANTED—Men's riding boots, size 7 1/2. Also an English saddle for a pony. **Box PV, The Chronicle, Berryville, Va.** 1t ch

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